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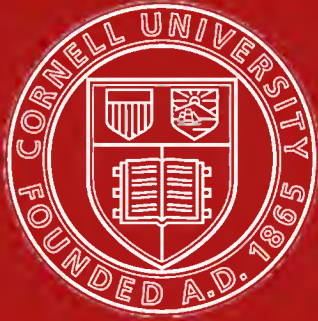
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WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE
IN FORTY VOLUMES

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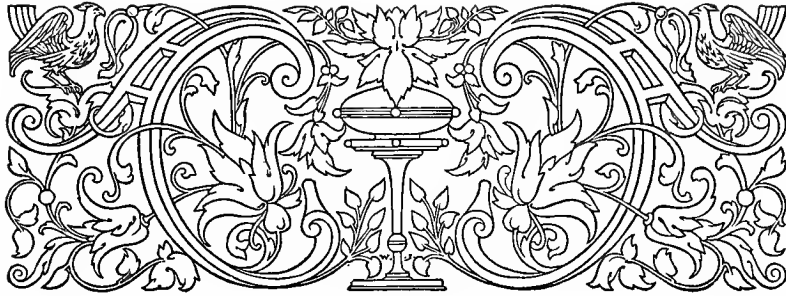
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THE COMPLETE WORKS OF
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

WITH ANNOTATIONS AND
A GENERAL INTRODUCTION
BY SIDNEY LEE

VOLUME XIII

PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE

WITH A SPECIAL INTRODUCTION BY ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE
AND AN ORIGINAL FRONTISPIECE BY GERALD MOIRA



NEW YORK GEORGE D. SPROUL MCMVII

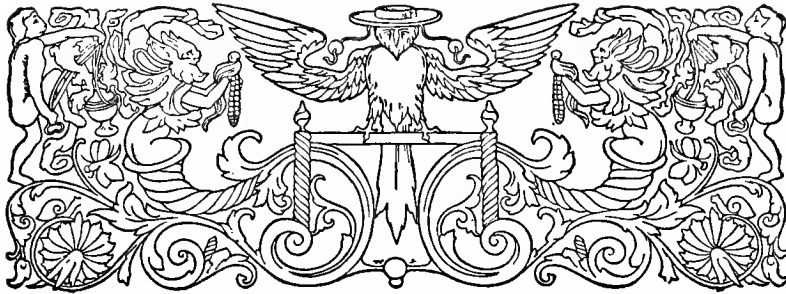
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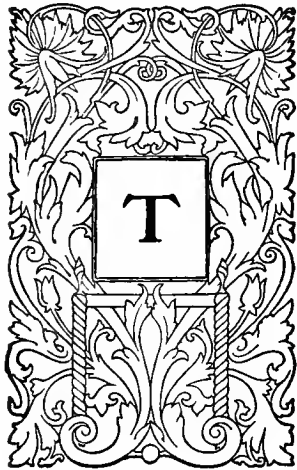
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INTRODUCTION



THE apocryphal works of Shakespeare are even more various in value than the apocryphal books of the Bible. There is hardly as much difference between the sublime "Wisdom of Solomon" and the nursery tale of "Bel and the Dragon" as between the glorious torso of "The Two Noble Kinsmen" and the abject futility of "Mucedorus" or "Lochrine." There are two plays, and only two, of which we may be as absolutely certain that Shakespeare wrote the nobler part as that Shakespeare did not write the whole. The one is taken from the "Knight's Tale," of Chaucer, the other from an episode in Gower's "Confessio Amantis." In the one case the unfinished work of Shakespeare was completed by the feebler and yet the accomplished and the dexter-

PERICLES

ous hand of a lesser and yet a great dramatic poet ; in the other case the hand of Shakespeare touched and transfigured, recreated and recast, the work of an obscure precursor whose sketch he did not always give himself the trouble to correct and repaint, but chose rather now and then to leave as it stood in the rough, with an incongruous touch of unseasonable splendour flung in or thrown on here and there. It is not easy to say exactly where the work of revision or interpolation begins or ends. We may be misled and dazzled into misjudgment and injustice by the beauty of single lines or short passages, which on reconsideration may not seem so far superior as at first they seemed to the not always unworthy context. There is true poetic dignity throughout in the part of Pericles : and the fitfully frequent relapses into rhyme which help to make the style of the earlier scenes seem cruder and more juvenile than that of the last three acts are merely, it may be, signs of haste and indifference rather than of inferiority and illegitimacy. The scene with the fishermen is at once like Shakespeare and like Heywood : either of the two might have written it. No one who knows the lesser poet will deny this ; and no one can fail to see how this explains the curious and at first sight startling collocation of his name and of Dekker's with the name that is above every name in the famous passage which places on record the wish of Shakespeare's greatest disciple that what he wrote should be read by their light.

All the second act, be the text canonical or apocryphal, must evidently have been written at full gallop of the pen.

INTRODUCTION

The good Simonides is the sort of monarch who figures in the fables of the "Gesta Romanorum" and other delightful compilations of mediæval mythology and mediæval morality as the allegorical representative of Christ or antichrist, God or the devil. He plays the most childish tricks and accomplishes the most burlesque antics that can ever have enraptured an adult infant in the process of a serious pantomime. However, it must be set down to his credit that he winds up and makes an end of the apocryphal part of the play. After he vanishes we are at home for good in the divine and human company of Shakespeare.

When the storm breaks upon us with the opening of the third act we know where we are. We are in the very heaven of heavens to which none can be admitted save by the grace of the greatest among poets. We are at sea, *συντεάρακται δ' αἰθῆρ πόντω*. Æschylus the father and Shakespeare the son are revealed as one God in the sight of all men not too impotent to perceive and too abject to adore; for the divine humanity of Shakespeare is as great as even the superhuman sublimity of Æschylus. The matchless loveliness of lightning and the matchless music of thunder give here the signal, not of war with a deathless and a more than godlike enemy of an evil and omnipotent God, but of war against a woman in travail and her newborn child. The pity of it is as great and as terrible as the terror. Every verse rings and clings in the ear for ever. "These surges that wash both heaven and hell" give such immortal echo to the transitory harmonies of an actual storm at sea as no man but one could have

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translated or transfigured into articulate utterance. There is no more splendid poetry in "Othello" or "King Lear" than Shakespeare's magnificent prodigality has lavished on the lament of Pericles over Thaisa; on a passage in a play which he cannot have taken as seriously as all readers may see that he must have taken such masterpieces of his own creation as those which he remoulded and rewrote from end to end. The three succeeding scenes are perfect Shakespeare in metre and in style. Short and simple as they are, they are cast in the mould of speech which no student can fail to recognise, and informed with the breath of music which no disciple has ever caught the tune of for more than a wonderful moment. Webster himself, the greatest as the most faithful of them all, was never so like him for so long.

In the fourth act of "Pericles" the most exquisite sweetness of Shakespearean poetry and the most desperate fidelity of Shakespearean realism are interchangeably relieved and set off against each other with a daring, a tact, and a success, all equally incomparable. There is no scene of more living loveliness than the first scene of this act in "The Winter's Tale," or "Cymbeline," or "The Tempest." Not one among Shakespeare's women makes her entrance on his stage with a more wonderful charm about her than does Marina. Her flowers, her tears, her fond fidelity and simplicity of tenderness in mourning, win us as instantly and as thoroughly as we are won by the first appearance of her sisters Perdita and Miranda. There is hardly anything in Shakespeare more wonderfully and beautifully lifelike than her innocent

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talk with the intending assassin when they are left together by the shore. The sweetness and freshness of meadowland and sea which breathe upon the spirit as we read enhance the tragic effect of terror and intensify the sense of noisome horror in the sudden transference of scene and transformation of atmosphere from the fairest to the foulest upon earth. The poetry of this famous and ill-famed fourth act is not more unmistakably Shakespearean than the prose. Malone, a scholar and critic worth many a German generation of rhapsodists and scholiasts, has a note on a passage in the first of the two scenes in the temple of Priapus which should suffice to establish his credit as a commentator:—"If there were no other proof of this piece having been written by Shakespeare, this admirable stroke of humour would, in my apprehension, stamp it as his." I say ditto to Mr. Malone—as did a contemporary of his in parliament to the most illustrious of their countrymen. It is surely no small distinction, no small addition to the spiritual or intellectual honours of Ireland, that the two best and finest critics of Shakespeare as a poetic humourist should have been Irishmen—Maurice Morgan and Edmund Malone. The eighteenth century did indeed produce a more deeply and thoroughly appreciative panegyrist of Shakespeare than either of these; but he was neither an Englishman, an Irishman, nor a Scotchman. I wish it could be said that he was a respectable Frenchman; but the sad and comic truth is that he was a no less disreputable writer than Rétif de la Bretonne, pornographer of Paris. The pretty little chapter of chat-

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ter about Hamlet in "Wilhelm Meister" is as a school-boy's prize exercise or an undergraduate's prize essay to the letter on Shakespeare in "Le Paysan Perversi." Rétif, the prophet who made public declaration of his belief that things could not last as they were for twenty years longer just fourteen years before the sunrise of the French Revolution, was the first critic to see and to affirm the fact that the objections brought by French criticism against the art of Shakespeare were evidences to the fact that Shakespeare's way of work was not the wrong way but the right; that the union of tragic and comic emotion on the same stage in the same scene was no more a matter for apology than a subject for derision; that it was the final and crowning proof how far above all docile and servile tragedians after the order of Racine and Voltaire was the greatest of all men who ever had written for the stage. The wide and deep critical insight of the man is not more admirably exceptional than the moral courage which was needed to affirm his conviction of this truth under the spiritual reign of King Voltaire.

That any doubt should ever have been cast upon the authorship of the scenes in which the heroic purity of Marina is tried and tested as by fire is a memorable piece of evidence that the Shakespearean criticism of the nineteenth century was by no means always superior or never inferior to that of the eighteenth. The unsavoury atmosphere is not denser in the Mytilene of "Pericles" than the air we breathe in the Vienna of "Measure for Measure." Pompey and his mistress, whose very names are unclean, are certainly no decenter creatures than Boult and his

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employers. In "Troilus and Cressida" there are far loathsomer passages, far noisomer allusions and expressions, than can be found anywhere in Shakespeare outside the marvellously horrible and magnificently hideous part of Thersites. The author of these two canonical plays was certainly not too prudish or squeamish to have written the certainly not more offensive passages which have offended modern readers in the apocryphal play of "Pericles." And who else could have written them? There is nothing of equal æsthetic or literary excellence in the realistic improprieties or indecencies of those other two. Somebody somewhere once suggested that they might have been written by William Rowley. Why not by Edward Sharpham? There are scenes as unsavoury and unseemly to the sight and taste of modern readers or playgoers in other plays by other poets and dramatists of the time not unworthy to serve as lieutenants or ensigns under the command of Shakespeare. Where are there such strokes of profound and sublime humour, of passionate and living truth?

The romantic and pathetic beauty of the last act is no more out of keeping with the rest of the play than is the conclusion of "The Winter's Tale." One only among the greatest of all poets could have imagined anything so lovely and made it so sublime. The mere romance of it has a charm which none but Shakespeare could have given to the simple old story of accidental adventure and supernatural commonplace; but the natural intensity of emotion rather transfused than translated into perfect speech raises it high above the level of mere mediæval

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romance, and proves that there is less difference of poetic rank between Chaucer and Gower than between Shakespeare and Chaucer. In all earlier English poetry there is nothing so tender as the interview of the shattered father with his restored child. And there is no falling off in what follows, even to the end. And no praise could be higher than this.

The moral or spiritual charm of Shakespeare's work is as nearly indefinable as it is incomparable. There are touches or strokes of something like it now and then in Homer and the Hebrews ; but they flash across the text and pass away. Divine atrocity and human savagery combine to efface the impression of moral beauty which even in the work of Æschylus and of Sophocles is less perfect and less final than in the unapproachable work of Shakespeare.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

PERICLES

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ¹

ANTIOCHUS, king of Antioch.

PERICLES, prince of Tyre.

HELICANUS, }
ESCANES, } two lords of Tyre.

SIMONIDES, king of Pentapolis.

CLEON, governor of Tarsus.

LYSIMACHUS, governor of Mytilene.

CERIMON, a lord of Ephesus.

THALIARD, a lord of Antioch.

PHILEMON, servant to Cerimon.

LEONINE, servant to Dionyza.

Marshal.

A Pandar.

BOULT, his servant.

The daughter of Antiochus.

DIONYZA, wife to Cleon.

THAISA, daughter to Simonides.

MARINA, daughter to Pericles and Thaisa.

LYCHORIDA, nurse to Marina.

A Bawd.

Lords, Knights, Gentlemen, Sailors, Pirates, Fishermen, and
Messengers.

DIANA.

GOWER, as Chorus.

SCENE : *Dispersedly in various countries.*

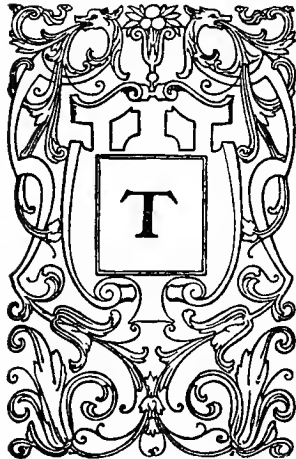
¹ This play, which was published in Quarto in 1609, when it went through two editions, was reprinted in 1611, 1619, 1630, and 1635. It was excluded from the Folios of 1623 and 1632, but was appended to the Third Folio, 1664, and to the Fourth Folio, 1685. The Third Folio was the first of the early editions to supply (somewhat incorrectly) a list of the "dramatis personæ," or to divide the whole play into acts. A fuller list of "the names of the personages" precede the novel of *Pericles* by George Wilkins, which paraphrased the play (1608).



ACT I

Enter GOWER

Before the palace of Antioch



TO SING A SONG THAT
old was sung,
From ashes ancient Gower is
come,
Assuming man's infirmities,
To glad your ear and please
your eyes.
It hath been sung at festivals,
On ember-eves and holy-ales;
And lords and ladies in their lives
Have read it for restoratives:
The purchase is to make men
glorious;

Et bonum quo antiquius, eo melius.
If you, born in these latter times

10

² *ancient Gower*] The mediæval poet, Gower, told, about 1390, the story of this play in his *Confessio Amantis*, and on Gower's version the drama is largely based. The story, which has been traced to a Greek novel, had an universal vogue in mediæval Europe.

When wit's more ripe, accept my rhymes,
 And that to hear an old man sing
 May to your wishes pleasure bring,
 I life would wish, and that I might
 Waste it for you like taper-light.
 This Antioch then Antiochus the Great
 Built up, this city, for his chiefest seat,
 The fairest in all Syria:
 I tell you what mine authors say: 20
 This king unto him took a fere,
 Who died and left a female heir,
 So buxom, blithe and full of face
 As heaven had lent her all his grace;
 With whom the father liking took,
 And her to incest did provoke:
 Bad child, worse father! to entice his own
 To evil should be done by none:
 But custom what they did begin
 Was with long use account no sin. 30
 The beauty of this sinful dame

6 *ember-eves*] eves preceding Ember days, which were seasons of fasting at four periods of the year.

holy ales] church festivals on saints' days. This reading is Farmer's emendation, for the sake of rhyme, of the original reading *holy days*.

9 *purchase*] profit or gain, as at I, ii, 72, *infra*: "I sought the *purchase* [*i. e.*, acquisition, gain] of a glorious beauty."

21 *fere*] The Quartos read *Peere*, for which Malone substituted *pheere*, an accepted variant of "fere," an old word for "mate" or "companion."

23 *full of face*] plump of face.

Made many princes thither frame,
 To seek her as a bed-fellow,
 In marriage-pleasures play-fellow:
 Which to prevent he made a law,
 To keep her still and men in awe,
 That whoso ask'd her for his wife,
 His riddle told not, lost his life:
 So for her many a wight did die,
 As yon grim looks do testify. 40
 What now ensues, to the judgement of your eye
 I give, my cause who best can justify. [Exit.]

SCENE I—ANTIOCH

A ROOM IN THE PALACE

Enter ANTIOCHUS, PRINCE PERICLES *and* Followers

ANT. Young prince of Tyre, you have at large received

The danger of the task you undertake.

PER. I have, Antiochus, and, with a soul
 Embolden'd with the glory of her praise,
 Think death no hazard in this enterprise.

ANT. Bring in our daughter, clothed like a bride,

40 *yon grim looks*] the ghastly faces of heads cut off by the executioner, some of which in Shakespeare's time usually adorned London Bridge. Gower in his *Confessio* writes of the heads of the unsuccessful suitors "standing on the gate."

41-42 *What . . . justify*] What follows I offer to the judgment of those among you who can best realise the veracity of my story.

For the embracements even of Jove himself;
 At whose conception, till Lucina reign'd,
 Nature this dowry gave, to glad her presence,
 The senate-house of planets all did sit, 10
 To knit in her their best perfections.

Music. Enter Antiochus' Daughter

PER. See where she comes, apparell'd like the spring,
 Graces her subjects, and her thoughts the king
 Of every virtue gives renown to men!
 Her face the book of praises, where is read
 Nothing but curious pleasures, as from thence
 Sorrow were ever razed, and testy wrath
 Could never be her mild companion.
 You gods that made me man and sway in love,
 That have inflamed desire in my breast 20
 To taste the fruit of yon celestial tree
 Or die in the adventure, be my helps,
 As I am son and servant to your will,
 To compass such a boundless happiness!

ANT. Prince Pericles, —

PER. That would be son to great Antiochus.

8-11 *At whose conception . . . perfections*] At the princess' conception until the date of her birth, nature endowed her with qualities which made her presence gladsome; all the planets sat in formal session together, in order to unite in her all the virtues which they control. The phrase "The senate-house of planets" is similarly used by Sir Philip Sidney in his *Arcadia*, Book II (ed. 1674, p. 121, ll. 47-48). Cf. Milton, *P. L.*, VIII, 511-513: "all *Heaven, And happy constellations*, on that hour Shed their selectest influence."

ANT. Before thee stands this fair Hesperides,
 With golden fruit, but dangerous to be touch'd;
 For death-like dragons here affright thee hard:
 Her face, like heaven, enticeth thee to view 30
 Her countless glory, which desert must gain;
 And which, without desert, because thine eye
 Presumes to reach, all thy whole heap must die.
 Yon sometimes famous princes, like thyself,
 Drawn by report, adventurous by desire,
 Tell thee, with speechless tongues and semblance pale,
 That without covering, save yon field of stars,
 Here they stand martyrs, slain in Cupid's wars;
 And with dead cheeks advise thee to desist
 For going on death's net, whom none resist. 40

PER. Antiochus, I thank thee, who hath taught
 My frail mortality to know itself,
 And by those fearful objects to prepare
 This body, like to them, to what I must;
 For death remember'd should be like a mirror,
 Who tells us life 's but breath, to trust it error.
 I 'll make my will then, and, as sick men do,
 Who know the world, see heaven, but feeling woe
 Gripe not at earthly joys as erst they did,
 So I bequeath a happy peace to you 50
 And all good men, as every prince should do;

27 *Hesperides*] As in *L. L. L.*, IV, iii, 337, *Hesperides* is treated as the name of the garden, whereas in classical literature that word is exclusively applied to the custodians of the garden.

33 *heap*] bulk, body.

40 *For going . . . net*] For fear of entering the net of death.

My riches to the earth from whence they came;
 But my unspotted fire of love to you. [*To the Princess.*]
 Thus ready for the way of life or death,
 I wait the sharpest blow.

ANT. Scorning advice: read the conclusion then:
 Which read and not expounded, 't is decreed,
 As these before thee thou thyself shalt bleed.

DAUGH. Of all 'say'd yet, mayst thou prove prosperous!
 Of all 'say'd yet, I wish thee happiness! 60

PER. Like a bold champion I assume the lists,
 Nor ask advice of any other thought
 But faithfulness and courage.

He reads the riddle.

“ I am no viper, yet I feed
 On mother's flesh which did me breed.
 I sought a husband, in which labour
 I found that kindness in a father:
 He's father, son, and husband mild;
 I mother, wife, and yet his child.
 How they may be, and yet in two, 70
 As you will live, resolve it you.”

56 *conclusion*] problem. The word is used in the same sense by Gower,
Confessio Amantis, I, 246.

59 'say'd] The original reading is *sayd* or *said*. But the context
 makes it clear that the word is an abbreviation of “*essayed*” or “*as-*
sayed.” *Of all 'say'd* means “of all that have yet made trial.”

62-63 *Nor ask advice . . . courage*] The phrase comes directly from Sir
 Philip Sidney's *Arcadia*, Book III (ed. 1674, p. 253, line 10).

[*Aside*] Sharp physic is the last: but, O you powers
 That give heaven countless eyes to view men's acts,
 Why cloud they not their sights perpetually,
 If this be true, which makes me pale to read it?
 Fair glass of light, I loved you, and could still,
 Were not this glorious casket stored with ill:
 But I must tell you, now my thoughts revolt;
 For he 's no man on whom perfections wait
 That, knowing sin within, will touch the gate. 80
 You are a fair viol and your sense the strings,
 Who, finger'd to make man his lawful music,
 Would draw heaven down and all the gods, to hearken,
 But being play'd upon before your time,
 Hell only danceth at so harsh a chime.
 Good sooth, I care not for you.

ANT. Prince Pericles, touch not, upon thy life,
 For that 's an article within our law,
 As dangerous as the rest. Your time 's expired:
 Either expound now or receive your sentence. 90

PER. Great king,
 Few love to hear the sins they love to act;
 'T would braid yourself too near for me to tell it.
 Who has a book of all that monarchs do,
 He 's more secure to keep it shut than shown:

72 *Sharp physic is the last*] A bitter potion is the last line of the just-quoted riddle.

76 *Fair glass of light*] Mirror of beauty.

79 *For he 's no man . . . wait*] He is no man of perfect virtues.

87 *touch not, upon thy life*] The king protests against Pericles touching the hand of his daughter.

93 *braid*] upbraid, reproach.

For vice repeated is like the wandering wind,
 Blows dust in others' eyes, to spread itself;
 And yet the end of all is bought thus dear,
 The breath is gone, and the sore eyes see clear 99
 To stop the air would hurt them. The blind mole casts
 Copp'd hills towards heaven, to tell the earth is throng'd
 By man's oppression; and the poor worm doth die for 't.
 Kings are earth's gods; in vice their law 's their will;
 And if Jove stray, who dares say Jove doth ill?
 It is enough you know; and it is fit,
 What being more known grows worse, to smother it.
 All love the womb that their first being bred,
 Then give my tongue like leave to love my head.
 ANT. [*Aside*] Heaven, that I had thy head! He has
 found the meaning:
 But I will gloze with him. — Young Prince of Tyre, 110
 Though by the tenour of our strict edict,
 Your exposition misinterpreting,
 We might proceed to cancel of your days;

96-102 *For vice repeated . . . doth die for 't*] The general sense is, that those who repeat to the world the vices of princes find that their intelligence spreads quickly and widely. But the exposure leaves no permanent effects. The harmful report is rejected by those whom it pains. Only the informer is exposed to ruin and death.

101 *Copp'd*] This epithet, which means rounded or cupola shaped, was frequently applied to mansions with a cupola on the roof. The most famous "Copped Hall" in Elizabethan London was near the present Vauxhall Station, London.

throng'd,] crowded, pressed, crushed. Cf. II, i, 73, *infra*: "A man *throng'd up* with cold."

113 *cancel of*] The Folios read *cancel off*. The Quartos read *counsell of*.

Yet hope, succeeding from so fair a tree
 As your fair self, doth tune us otherwise:
 Forty days longer we do respite you;
 If by which time our secret be undone,
 This mercy shows we 'll joy in such a son:
 And until then your entertain shall be
 As doth befit our honour and your worth. 120

[*Exeunt all but Pericles.*]

PER. How courtesy would seem to cover sin,
 When what is done is like an hypocrite,
 The which is good in nothing but in sight!
 If it be true that I interpret false,
 Then were it certain you were not so bad
 As with foul incest to abuse your soul;
 Where now you 're both a father and a son,
 By your untimely claspings with your child,
 Which pleasure fits a husband, not a father;
 And she an eater of her mother's flesh, 130
 By the defiling of her parent's bed;
 And both like serpents are, who though they feed
 On sweetest flowers, yet they poison breed.
 Antioch, farewell! for wisdom sees, those men
 Blush not in actions blacker than the night,
 Will shun no course to keep them from the light.

The line means, "we proceed to deliberate how long you shall be allowed to live."

127 *Where*] Whereas.

135 *Blush not in actions*] The ellipse of the relative pronoun "who," before "blush," is very characteristic of the non-Shakespearean portions of this play.

One sin, I know, another doth provoke;
 Murder 's as near to lust as flame to smoke:
 Poison and treason are the hands of sin,
 Ay, and the targets, to put off the shame: 140
 Then, lest my life be cropp'd to keep you clear,
 By flight I 'll shun the danger which I fear. [Exit.

Re-enter ANTIOCHUS

ANT. He hath found the meaning, for the which we
 mean
 To have his head.
 He must not live to trumpet forth my infamy,
 Nor tell the world Antiochus doth sin
 In such a loathed manner;
 And therefore instantly this prince must die;
 For by his fall my honour must keep high.
 Who attends us there? 150

Enter THALIARD

THAL. Doth your highness call?
 ANT. Thaliard,
 You are of our chamber, and our mind partakes
 Her private actions to your secrecy:
 And for your faithfulness we will advance you.
 Thaliard, behold, here 's poison, and here 's gold;
 We hate the prince of Tyre, and thou must kill him:
 It fits thee not to ask the reason why,

140 *targets* . . . *shame*] the shields, which protect from shame.

153 *partakes*] Shakespeare occasionally uses "partake" transitively in the sense of "impart."

Because we bid it. Say, is it done?

THAL. My Lord, 160
'T is done.

ANT. Enough.

Enter a Messenger

Let your breath cool yourself, telling your haste.

MESS. My lord, prince Pericles is fled. [*Exit.*

ANT. As thou

Wilt live, fly after: and like an arrow shot
From a well experienced archer hits the mark
His eye doth level at, so thou ne'er return
Unless thou say "Prince Pericles is dead."

THAL. My lord, 169
If I can get him within my pistol's length,
I'll make him sure enough: so, farewell to your highness.

ANT. Thaliard, adieu! [*Exit Thal.*] Till Pericles be
dead,
My heart can lend no succour to my head. [*Exit.*

SCENE II—TYRE

A ROOM IN THE PALACE

Enter PERICLES

PER. [*To Lords without*] Let none disturb us. Why
should this change of thoughts,
The sad companion, dull-eyed melancholy,

¹ *change of thoughts*] thus the Quartos and the Folios, for which Malone substituted *charge of thoughts, i. e.,* burden of cares. "Change of

Be my so used a guest as not an hour,
 In the day's glorious walk, or peaceful night,
 The tomb where grief should sleep, can breed me quiet?
 Here pleasures court mine eyes, and mine eyes shun them,
 And danger, which I fear'd, is at Antioch,
 Whose arm seems far too short to hit me here:
 Yet neither pleasure's art can joy my spirits,
 Nor yet the other's distance comfort me. 10
 Then it is thus: the passions of the mind,
 That have their first conception by mis-dread,
 Have after-nourishment and life by care;
 And what was first but fear what might be done,
 Grows elder now and cares it be not done.
 And so with me: the great Antiochus,
 'Gainst whom I am too little to contend,
 Since he 's so great can make his will his act,
 Will think me speaking, though I swear to silence;
 Nor boots it me to say I honour him, 20
 If he suspect I may dishonour him:
 And what may make him blush in being known,
 He 'll stop the course by which it might be known:
 With hostile forces he 'll o'erspread the land,
 And with the ostent of war will look so huge,
 Amazement shall drive courage from the state,

thoughts" probably means "change in disposition of mind," *i. e.*,
 this unusual propensity to melancholy.

3 *Be my*] This is Dyce's emendation of the early reading *By me*, which
 is unintelligible.

12 *by mis-dread*] owing to dread of evil.

15 *cares*] makes provision that.

Our men be vanquish'd ere they do resist,
 And subjects punish'd that ne'er thought offence:
 Which care of them, not pity of myself,
 Who am no more but as the tops of trees 30
 Which fence the roots they grow by and defend them,
 Makes both my body pine and soul to languish,
 And punish that before that he would punish.

Enter HELICANUS, with other Lords

FIRST LORD. Joy and all comfort in your sacred breast!

SEC. LORD. And keep your mind, till you return to us,
 Peaceful and comfortable!

HEL. Peace, peace, and give experience tongue.
 They do abuse the king that flatter him:
 For flattery is the bellows blows up sin;
 The thing the which is flatter'd, but a spark, 40
 To which that blast gives heat and stronger glowing;
 Whereas reproof, obedient and in order,
 Fits kings, as they are men, for they may err.
 When Signior Sooth here does proclaim a peace,
 He flatters you, makes war upon your life.
 Prince, pardon me, or strike me, if you please;
 I cannot be much lower than my knees.

PER. All leave us else; but let your cares o'erlook
 What shipping and what lading's in our haven,
 And then return to us. [*Exeunt Lords.*] Helicanus, thou 51
 Hast moved us : what seest thou in our looks?

HEL. An angry brow, dread lord.

44 *Signior Sooth*] Master Flatterer. Cf. *Wint. Tale*, I, ii, 196 : "Sir Smile, his neighbour."

PER. If there be such a dart in princes' frowns,
How durst thy tongue move anger to our face?

HEL. How dare the plants look up to heaven, from
whence

They have their nourishment?

PER. Thou know'st I have power
To take thy life from thee.

HEL. [*Kneeling*] I have ground the axe myself;
Do you but strike the blow.

PER. Rise, prithee, rise: sit down: thou art no flatterer: 60
I thank thee for it; and heaven forbid
That kings should let their ears hear their faults hid!
Fit counsellor and servant for a prince,
Who by thy wisdom makest a prince thy servant,
What wouldst thou have me do?

HEL. To bear with patience
Such griefs as you yourself do lay upon yourself.

PER. Thou speak'st like a physician, Helicanus,
That minister'st a potion unto me
That thou wouldst tremble to receive thyself. 70
Attend me then: I went to Antioch,
Where, as thou know'st, against the face of death,
I sought the purchase of a glorious beauty,
From whence an issue I might propagate,

62 *their faults hid*] Dyce reasonably suggested *chid* for the original reading *hid*. The meaning then would be that kings should not "let" (*i. e.*, hinder) their ears from hearing their faults chidden. The old reading *hid* gives a complicated sense, implying that kings should not "let" (*i. e.*, suffer) their faults be palliated or glozed over in speech.

73 *From . . . propagate*] There is some elliose after this line. The mean-

Are arms to princes and bring joys to subjects.
 Her face was to mine eye beyond all wonder;
 The rest — hark in thine ear — as black as incest:
 Which by my knowledge found, the sinful father
 Seem'd not to strike, but smooth: but thou know'st this,
 'T is time to fear when tyrants seem to kiss.
 Which fear so grew in me, I hither fled, 80
 Under the covering of a careful night,
 Who seem'd my good protector; and, being here,
 Bethought me what was past, what might succeed.
 I knew him tyrannous; and tyrants' fears
 Decrease not, but grow faster than the years:
 And should he doubt it, as no doubt he doth,
 That I should open to the listening air
 How many worthy princes' bloods were shed,
 To keep his bed of blackness unlaid ope, 90
 To lop that doubt, he 'll fill this land with arms,
 And make pretence of wrong that I have done him;
 When all, for mine, if I may call offence,
 Must feel war's blow, who spares not innocence:
 Which love to all, of which thyself art one,
 Who now reprovest me for it, —
 HEL. Alas, sir!

ing may be, "whence I might propagate an issue such as constitutes strength for princes," etc.

78 *smooth*] stroke, caress, flatter.

86 *doubt it*] *doubt*, in the sense of "fear" or "suspect," is Malone's emendation for the Quarto reading *doo't* and the Folio reading *think*.

The change is justified by the repetition of "doubt" at line 90.

89 *unlaid ope*] not laid open, concealed.

PER. Drew sleep out of mine eyes, blood from my
 cheeks,
 Musings into my mind, with thousand doubts
 How I might stop this tempest ere it came;
 And finding little comfort to relieve them,
 I thought it princely charity to grieve them. 100

HEL. Well, my lord, since you have given me leave to
 speak,
 Freely will I speak. Antiochus you fear,
 And justly too, I think, you fear the tyrant,
 Who either by public war or private treason
 Will take away your life.
 Therefore, my lord, go travel for a while,
 Till that his rage and anger be forgot,
 Or till the Destinies do cut his thread of life.
 Your rule direct to any; if to me,
 Day serves not light more faithful than I 'll be. 110

PER. I do not doubt thy faith;
 But should he wrong my liberties in my absence?

HEL. We 'll mingle our bloods together in the earth,
 From whence we had our being and our birth.

PER. Tyre, I now look from thee then, and to Tarsus
 Intend my travel, where I 'll hear from thee;
 And by whose letters I 'll dispose myself.
 The care I had and have of subjects' good
 On thee I lay, whose wisdom's strength can bear it.

100 *to grieve them*] The earliest Quartos read *grieve for them*, which suggests the requisite sense of "lament for them," "lament the fate of those who suffer in war."

I'll take thy word for faith, not ask thine oath: 120
 Who shuns not to break one will sure crack both:
 But in our orbs we'll live so round and safe,
 That time of both this truth shall ne'er convince,
 Thou show'dst a subject's shine, I a true prince. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III—TYRE

AN ANTE-CHAMBER IN THE PALACE

Enter THALIARD

THAL. So, this is Tyre, and this the court. Here must I kill King Pericles; and if I do it not, I am sure to be hanged at home: 't is dangerous. Well, I perceive he was a wise fellow and had good discretion, that, being bid to ask what he would of the king, desired he might know none of his secrets: now do I see he had some reason for 't; for if a king bid a man be a villain, he's

122 *in our orbs*] in our respective spheres. The use of "round" in the sense of "perfect," "self-contained," is doubtless suggested by Hor. *Sat.*, II, vii, 86 (of the wise man), "totus teres atque rotundus."

124 *subject's shine*] the brilliance of a subject. "Shine" is used substantively, as in "sunshine."

3-6 *Well . . . secrets*] Cf. Barnabe Rich's *Souldier's Wishe to Briton's Welfare, or Captaine Skill and Captaine Pill*, 1604, p. 27: "I will therefore commend the poet Philipides, who being demanded by King Lisimachus, what favour he might doe unto him for that he loved him, made this answere to the king, that your majesty would never impart unto me *any of your secrets.*"

bound by the indenture of his oath to be one. Hush!
here come the lords of Tyre.

Enter HELICANUS and ESCANES, with other Lords

HEL. You shall not need, my fellow peers of Tyre, 10
Further to question me of your king's departure:
His seal'd commission left in trust with me
Doth speak sufficiently he 's gone to travel.

THAL. [*Aside*] How! the king gone!

HEL. If further yet you will be satisfied,
Why, as it were unlicensed of your loves,
He would depart, I 'll give some light unto you.
Being at Antioch —

THAL. [*Aside*] What from Antioch?

HEL. Royal Antiochus — on what cause I know not —
Took some displeasure at him; at least he judged so: 20
And doubting lest that he had err'd or sinn'd,
To show his sorrow, he 'ld correct himself;
So puts himself unto the shipman's toil,
With whom each minute threatens life or death.

THAL. [*Aside*] Well, I perceive I shall not be hanged
now, although I would; but since he 's gone, the king's
seas must please: he 'scaped the land, to perish at the
sea. I 'll present myself. Peace to the lords of Tyre!

HEL. Lord Thaliard from Antiochus is welcome.

THAL. From him I come 30
With message unto princely Pericles;

²⁷ *must please*] must do their pleasure, treat him as they will. Many changes have been suggested for this, the original reading, which makes, however, adequate sense.

But since my landing I have understood
Your lord has betook himself to unknown travels,
My message must return from whence it came.

HEL. We have no reason to desire it,
Commended to our master, not to us:
Yet, ere you shall depart, this we desire,
As friends to Antioch, we may feast in Tyre. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV—TARSUS

A ROOM IN THE GOVERNOR'S HOUSE

Enter CLEON the Governor of Tarsus, *with* DIONYZA *and others*

CLE. My Dionyza, shall we rest us here,
And by relating tales of others' griefs,
See if 't will teach us to forget our own?

DIO. That were to blow at fire in hope to quench it;
For who digs hills because they do aspire
Throws down one mountain to cast up a higher.
O my distressed lord, even such our griefs are;
Here they 're but felt, and seen with mischief's eyes,
But like to groves, being topp'd, they higher rise.

35-36 *We have . . . not to us*] There is an ellipse of some word after "desire it." The meaning is, "There is no reason why we should desire the message to be divulged, seeing that it is addressed to our master, not to us."

8-9 *Here they're . . . higher rise*] These are obscure lines. Many changes have been suggested. "With mischief's eyes" seems to mean "with malignant eyes." "Topp'd" in the next line means "lopped" or "pruned." The meaning generally seems to be that the mere sense or experience of sorrow is aggravated by the presence of a malignant spectator, in the same way as groves of trees grow faster in the process of pruning. The metaphor is very clumsy.

DIO. O, 't is too true.

CLE. But see what heaven can do! By this our
change,

These mouths, who but of late earth, sea and air,
Were all too little to content and please,
Although they gave their creatures in abundance,
As houses are defiled for want of use,
They are now starved for want of exercise:
Those palates who, not yet two summers younger, 40
Must have inventions to delight the taste,
Would now be glad of bread, and beg for it:
Those mothers who, to nouse up their babes,
Thought nought too curious, are ready now
To eat those little darlings whom they loved.
So sharp are hunger's teeth, that man and wife
Draw lots who first shall die to lengthen life:
Here stands a lord, and there a lady weeping;
Here many sink, yet those which see them fall
Have scarce strength left to give them burial. 50
Is not this true?

DIO. Our cheeks and hollow eyes do witness it.

CLE. O, let those cities that of plenty's cup
And her prosperities so largely taste,

36 *creatures*] creature comforts, things which minister to material comfort.

39 *yet two summers younger*] This happy emendation is derived from the parallel passage in Wilkins' Novel based on the play. The original reading, *yet too sauers younger*, is nonsense.

42 *nouse up*] pamper. The word is not found elsewhere in Shakespeare, but is not uncommon in contemporary literature.

With their superfluous riots, hear these tears!
The misery of Tarsus may be theirs.

Enter a Lord

LORD. Where 's the lord governor?

CLE. Here.

Speak out thy sorrows which thou bring'st in haste,
For comfort is too far for us to expect.

LORD. We have descried, upon our neighbouring shore,⁶⁰
A portly sail of ships make hitherward.

CLE. I thought as much.

One sorrow never comes but brings an heir,
That may succeed as his inheritor;
And so in ours: some neighbouring nation,
Taking advantage of our misery,
Hath stuff'd these hollow vessels with their power,
To beat us down, the which are down already,
And make a conquest of unhappy me,
Whereas no glory 's got to overcome.

70

LORD. That 's the least fear; for, by the semblance
Of their white flags display'd, they bring us peace,
And come to us as favourers, not as foes.

CLE. Thou speak'st like him 's untutor'd to repeat:

63-64 *One sorrow . . . inheritor*] Cf. *Hamlet*, IV, v, 75-76: "When sorrows come, they come not *single spies*, *But in battalions*."

67 *Hath*] Rowe's emendation of the original reading *That*.

70 *Whereas . . . overcome*] Where no glory is to be obtained from the victory.

74 *like him 's . . . repeat*] like the man who is unprepared to recite the proverb, which is quoted in the next line.

Who makes the fairest show means most deceit.
 But bring they what they will and what they can,
 What need we fear?
 The ground 's the lowest, and we are half way there.
 Go tell their general we attend him here,
 To know for what he comes and whence he comes 80
 And what he craves.

LORD. I go, my lord. [Exit.

CLE. Welcome is peace, if he on peace consist;
 If wars, we are unable to resist.

Enter PERICLES with Attendants

PER. Lord governor, for so we hear you are,
 Let not our ships and number of our men
 Be like a beacon fired to amaze your eyes.
 We have heard your miseries as far as Tyre,
 And seen the desolation of your streets:
 Nor come we to add sorrow to your tears, 90
 But to relieve them of their heavy load;
 And these our ships, you happily may think
 Are like the Trojan horse was stuff'd within
 With bloody veins expecting overthrow,
 Are stored with corn to make your needy bread,
 And give them life whom hunger starved half dead.

ALL. The gods of Greece protect you!
 And we 'll pray for you.

83 *consist*] used in its Latin sense of "stand upon."

92-94 *you happily may think . . . overthrow*] "Happily" is here equivalent to "haply," "perchance." The phrase, "expecting overthrow," is out of its place, and is in apposition to "you" (line 92).

PERICLES

ACT I

PER. Arise, I pray you, rise:
 We do not look for reverence, but for love
 And harbourage for ourself, our ships and men. 100

CLE. The which when any shall not gratify,
 Or pay you with unthankfulness in thought,
 Be it our wives, our children, or ourselves,
 The curse of heaven and men succeed their evils!
 Till when, — the which I hope shall ne'er be seen —
 Your grace is welcome to our town and us.

PER. Which welcome we 'll accept; feast here awhile,
 Until our stars that frown lend us a smile. [*Exeunt.*]

104 *succeed their evils*] follow their wickedness.



ACT SECOND

GOWER

Enter GOWER



HERE HAVE YOU SEEN A
mighty king
His child, I wis, to incest bring;
A better prince and benign lord,
That will prove awful both in
deed and word.
Be quiet then as men should be,
Till he hath pass'd necessity.
I'll show you those in troubles
reign,
Losing a mite, a mountain gain.
The good in conversation,
To whom I give my benison, ¹⁰

Is still at Tarsus, where each man
Thinks all is writ he speken can;

⁴ *awful*] deserving of awe, commanding respect.

⁷⁻⁸ *those . . . gain*] those who reign amid troubles and after suffering small and temporary injury obtain great good fortune.

⁹ *The good in conversation*] The prince good in conduct.

¹² *Thinks . . . can*] Thinks all that he can speak is holy writ.

And, to remember what he does,
 Build his statue to make him glorious:
 But tidings to the contrary
 Are brought your eyes; what need speak I?

DUMB SHOW

Enter, at one door, PERICLES, talking with CLEON; all the train with them. Enter, at another door, a Gentleman, with a letter to PERICLES; PERICLES shows the letter to CLEON; gives the Messenger a reward, and knights him. Exit PERICLES at one door, and CLEON at another.

Good Helicane, that stay'd at home,
 Not to eat honey like a drone
 From others' labours; for though he strive
 To killen bad, keep good alive; 20
 And to fulfil his prince' desire,
 Sends word of all that haps in Tyre:
 How Thaliard came full bent with sin
 And had intent to murder him;
 And that in Tarsus was not best
 Longer for him to make his rest.
 He, doing so, put forth to seas,
 Where when men been, there 's seldom ease;
 For now the wind begins to blow; 30
 Thunder above and deeps below
 Make such unquiet that the ship

22 *Sends word*] A happy emendation, suggested by Wilkins's Novel, of the old text of the play, which reads "Sau'd one."

Should house him safe is wreck'd and split;
 And he, good prince, having all lost,
 By waves from coast to coast is tost:
 All perishen of man, of pelf,
 Ne aught escapen but himself;
 Till fortune, tired with doing bad,
 Threw him ashore, to give him glad:
 And here he comes. What shall be next,
 Pardon old Gower, — this longs the text. [Exit. 40

SCENE I—PENTAPOLIS

*AN OPEN PLACE BY THE SEA-SIDE**Enter PERICLES, wet*

PER. Yet cease your ire, you angry stars of heaven!
 Wind, rain, and thunder, remember, earthly man
 Is but a substance that must yield to you;
 And I, as fits my nature, do obey you:
 Alas, the sea hath cast me on the rocks,
 Wash'd me from shore to shore, and left me breath
 Nothing to think on but ensuing death:
 Let it suffice the greatness of your powers
 To have bereft a prince of all his fortunes;
 And having thrown him from your watery grave, 10
 Here to have death in peace is all he'll crave.

32 *Should house*] The relative "which" is omitted before "should."

Enter three Fishermen

FIRST FISH. What, ho, Pilch!

SEC. FISH. Ha, come and bring away the nets!

FIRST FISH. What, Patchbreech, I say!

THIRD FISH. What say you, master?

FIRST FISH. Look how thou stirrest now! come away, or I 'll fetch thee with a wanion.

THIRD FISH. Faith, master, I am thinking of the poor men that were cast away before us even now.

FIRST FISH. Alas, poor souls, it grieved my heart to²⁰ hear what pitiful cries they made to us to help them, when, well-a-day, we could scarce help ourselves.

THIRD FISH. Nay, master, said not I as much when I saw the porpus, how he bounced and tumbled? they say they 're half fish, half flesh: a plague on them, they ne'er come but I look to be washed. Master, I marvel how the fishes live in the sea.

FIRST FISH. Why, as men do a-land; the great ones eat up the little ones: I can compare our rich misers to nothing so fitly as to a whale; a' plays and tumbles, driv-³⁰ ing the poor fry before him, and at last devours them all at a mouthful: such whales have I heard on o' the land, who never leave gaping till they 've swallowed the whole parish, church, steeple, bells, and all.

PER. [*Aside*] A pretty moral.

12 *What, ho, Pilch*] Malone's emendation of the early reading, *What, to pelch?*

17 *with a wanion*] an imprecatory expletive, "with a mischief," "with a vengeance," "with a curse."

THIRD FISH. But, master, if I had been the sexton, I would have been that day in the belfry.

SEC. FISH. Why, man?

THIRD FISH. Because he should have swallowed me too: and when I had been in his belly, I would have kept ⁴⁰ such a jangling of the bells, that he should never have left till he cast bells, steeple, church, and parish, up again. But if the good King Simonides were of my mind, —

PER. [*Aside*] Simonides!

THIRD FISH. We would purge the land of these drones, that rob the bee of her honey.

PER. [*Aside*] How from the finny subject of the sea
These fishers tell the infirmities of men;
And from their watery empire recollect 50
All that may men approve or men detect! —
Peace be at your labour, honest fishermen.

SEC. FISH. Honest! good fellow, what's that? If it be a day fits you, search out of the calendar, and nobody look after it.

42 *left*] left off, ceased, desisted.

48 *finny*] The old text reads *fenny*. Wilkins's Novel reads "finny subjects."

51 *All . . . detect*] All that may illustrate men's good actions or discover their bad.

54 *search out the calendar*] This is the original reading. The fisherman seems to resent the tone of condescending patronage which Pericles, in his helpless plight, appears to them to imply by his use of the epithet "honest." Ironically the speaker adds: "If this be one of your lucky days, you had better find what mark it bears in the calendar, and then if it be erased, nobody will miss it (seeing what it has brought you

PER. May see the sea hath cast upon your coast.

SEC. FISH. What a drunken knave was the sea to cast thee in our way!

PER. A man whom both the waters and the wind,
In that vast tennis-court, have made the ball 60
For them to play upon, entreats you pity him;
He asks of you, that never used to beg.

FIRST FISH. No, friend, cannot you beg? Here's them in our country of Greece gets more with begging than we can do with working.

SEC. FISH. Canst thou catch any fishes then?

PER. I never practised it.

SEC. FISH. Nay, then thou wilt starve, sure; for here's nothing to be got now-a-days, unless thou canst fish for 't. 70

PER. What I have been I have forgot to know;
But what I am, want teaches me to think on:
A man thron'g'd up with cold: my veins are chill,
And have no more of life than may suffice
To give my tongue that heat to ask your help;
Which if you shall refuse, when I am dead,
For that I am a man, pray see me buried.

FIRST FISH. Die quoth-a? Now gods forbid 't! And I have a gown here; come, put it on; keep thee warm.

to)." Calendars often distinguished by signs lucky and unlucky days. Many editors endeavour without much success to elucidate the passage by substituting *scratch out* for *search out*.

56 *May see*] An abbreviation of "You may see." Steevens suggested *Nay, see*.

73 *thron'g'd up*] overcome, oppressed, overcharged. Cf. I, i, 101, *supra*, and note.

Now, afore me, a handsome fellow! Come, thou shalt⁸⁰
go home, and we'll have flesh for holidays, fish for
fasting-days, and moreo'er puddings and flap-jacks, and
thou shalt be welcome.

PER. I thank you, sir.

SEC. FISH. Hark you, my friend; you said you could
not beg.

PER. I did but crave.

SEC. FISH. But crave! Then I'll turn craver too,
and so I shall 'scape whipping.

PER. Why, are all your beggars whipped then?⁹⁰

SEC. FISH. O, not all, my friend, not all; for if all
your beggars were whipped, I would wish no better office
than to be beadle. But, master, I'll go draw up the net.

[Exit with Third Fisherman.]

PER. *[Aside]* How well this honest mirth becomes their
labour!

FIRST FISH. Hark you, sir, do you know where ye are?

PER. Not well.

FIRST FISH. Why, I'll tell you: this is called Penta-
polis, and our king the good Simonides.

PER. The good Simonides, do you call him?

FIRST FISH. Ay, sir; and he deserves so to be called
for his peaceable reign and good government.¹⁰¹

PER. He is a happy king, since he gains from his
subjects the name of good by his government. How far
is his court distant from this shore?

FIRST FISH. Marry, sir, half a day's journey: and
I'll tell you, he hath a fair daughter, and to-morrow is
her birthday; and there are princes and knights come

from all parts of the world to just and tourney for her love.

PER. Were my fortunes equal to my desires, I could wish to make one there. 110

FIRST FISH. O, sir, things must be as they may; and what a man cannot get, he may lawfully deal for — his wife's soul.

Re-enter Second and Third Fishermen, drawing up a net

SEC. FISH. Help, master, help! here 's a fish hangs in the net, like a poor man's right in the law; 't will hardly come out. Ha! bots on 't, 't is come at last, and 't is turned to a rusty armour.

PER. An armour, friends! I pray you, let me see it. Thanks, fortune, yet, that after all thy crosses Thou givest me somewhat to repair myself; 120
And though it was mine own, part of my heritage,
Which my dead father did bequeath to me,

112-113 *what . . . soul*] In this obscure passage the intention seems to be that what a man fails to get directly, he may lawfully haggle for or get indirectly, and that haggling is especially justified when, for example, one seeks so elusive a possession as his wife's soul. The original text has no hyphen after "for." *Steal* for *deal* has been widely adopted. That would imply that theft is permissible for the good of one's wife's soul.

116 *bots on 't*] a vulgar execration, "bots" being the worms that breed in horses.

119 *thy*] This word is omitted from the original text. Malone inserted *my*, but the corresponding passage in Wilkins's Novel shows *thy* to be correct. Pericles there "thanks Fortune that after all *her* crosses Shee had yet *given him somewhat to repair* his fortunes."

With this strict charge, even as he left his life,
 "Keep it, my Pericles; it hath been a shield
 'Twixt me and death:" — and pointed to this brace —
 "For that it saved me, keep it; in like necessity —
 The which the gods protect thee from! — may defend
 thee."

It kept where I kept, I so dearly loved it;
 Till the rough seas, that spare not any man,
 Took it in rage, though calm'd have given 't again: 130
 I thank thee for 't: my shipwreck now 's no ill,
 Since I have here my father's gift in 's will.

FIRST FISH. What mean you, sir?

PER. To beg of you, kind friends, this coat of worth
 For it was sometime target to a king;
 I know it by this mark. He loved me dearly,
 And for his sake I wish the having of it;
 And that you 'ld guide me to your sovereign's court,
 Where with it I may appear a gentleman;
 And if that ever my low fortune 's better, 140
 I 'll pay your bounties; till then rest your debtor.

FIRST FISH. Why, wilt thou tourney for the lady?

PER. I 'll show the virtue I have borne in arms.

FIRST FISH. Why, do 'e take it, and the gods give
 thee good on 't!

SEC. FISH. Ay, but hark you, my friend; 't was we

125 *brace*] armour for the arm, from the French "bras." Cf. *Troil. and Cress.*, I, iii, 297, *vantbrace* (*i. e.*, *avant-bras*).

132 *father's gift*] Malone's emendation of the original reading, *Father gave*.

134-135 *coat . . . target*] Coat or suit of armour . . . shield, protection.

that made up this garment through the rough seams of
the waters: there are certain condolences, certain vails.
I hope, sir, if you thrive, you 'll remember from whence
you had them. 150

PER. Believe 't, I will.

By your furtherance I am clothed in steel;
And spite of all the rapture of the sea
This jewel holds his building on my arm:
Unto thy value I will mount myself
Upon a courser, whose delightful steps
Shall make the gazer joy to see him tread.
Only, my friend, I yet am unprovided
Of a pair of bases. 159

SEC. FISH. We 'll sure provide: thou shalt have my
best gown to make thee a pair; and I 'll bring thee to
the court myself.

PER. Then honour be but a goal to my will,
This day I 'll rise, or else add ill to ill. [Exeunt.]

147 *made up*] got up, rescued.

148 *condolements . . . vails*] solatium . . . perquisites, tips.

153 *rapture*] The old text reads *rupture*, but Wilkins's *Novel* reads here *raptures*, which was adopted by Rowe. Both "rapture" and "rupture" imply violence.

154 *holds his building*] has its setting or place.

159 *bases*] skirts worn by jousting on horseback. Cf. Massinger's *Picture, II, i*, "your petticoat serves for *bases* to this warrior."

SCENE II—THE SAME

*A PUBLIC WAY OR PLATFORM LEADING TO THE
LISTS. A PAVILION BY THE SIDE OF IT FOR
THE RECEPTION OF THE KING, PRINCESS,
LORDS, etc.*

Enter SIMONIDES, THAISA, Lords, and Attendants

SIM. Are the knights ready to begin the triumph?

FIRST LORD. They are, my liege,
And stay your coming to present themselves.

SIM. Return them, we are ready; and our daughter,
In honour of whose birth these triumphs are,
Sits here, like beauty's child, whom nature gat
For men to see and seeing wonder at. *[Exit a Lord.]*

THAI. It pleaseth you, my royal father, to express
My commendations great, whose merit's less.

SIM. It's fit it should be so; for princes are 10
A model which heaven makes like to itself:
As jewels lose their glory if neglected,
So princes their renowns if not respected.
'T is now your honour, daughter, to entertain
The labour of each knight in his device.

THAI. Which, to preserve mine honour, I'll perform.

8-9 *express . . . less*] exaggerate the praises of me, whose merits fall below them.

14 *entertain*] This is the original reading, for which Malone and Steevens substituted *explain*. The latter is the meaning required by the context.

*Enter a Knight; he passes over, and his Squire presents
his shield to the Princess*

SIM. Who is the first that doth prefer himself?

THAI. A knight of Sparta, my renowned father;

And the device he bears upon his shield

Is a black Ethiopie reaching at the sun;

The word, "Lux tua vita mihi."

20

SIM. He loves you well that holds his life of you.

[The Second Knight passes.]

Who is the second that presents himself?

THAI. A prince of Macedon, my royal father;

And the device he bears upon his shield

Is an arm'd knight that 's conquer'd by a lady;

The motto thus, in Spanish, "Piu por dulzura que por
fuerza."

[The Third Knight passes.]

SIM. And what 's the third?

THAI. The third of Antioch;

And his device, a wreath of chivalry;

The word, "Me pompæ provexit apex."

30

[The Fourth Knight passes.]

21 "*Lux tua vita mihi*" "Thy light is life to me." These Latin mottoes were attached to the pictorial illustrations or devices which were painted on the shields of those taking part in tournaments. "Impresa" was the technical name of picture and motto combined. Many collections of "imprese" were published in Italy, France, and England, and from popular volumes of this kind in Shakespeare's day, the "imprese" described in this scene were drawn. See Green, *Shakespeare and the Emblem Writers*, 1870, Chapter V, pp. 156-186.

27 "*Piu . . . fuerza*" "More by gentleness than by force." "Piu" is Italian; the rest of the words are Spanish.

30 "*Me pompæ provexit apex*" "The crown of triumph has incited me."

SIM. What is the fourth?

THAI. A burning torch that 's turned upside down;
The word, "Quod me alit, me extinguit."

SIM. Which shows that beauty hath his power and will,
Which can as well inflame as it can kill.

[*The Fifth Knight passes.*]

THAI. The fifth, an hand environed with clouds,
Holding out gold that 's by the touchstone tried;
The motto thus, "Sic spectanda fides."

[*The Sixth Knight, Pericles, passes.*]

SIM. And what 's
The sixth and last, the which the knight himself 40
With such a graceful courtesy deliver'd?

THAI. He seems to be a stranger; but his present is
A wither'd branch, that 's only green at top;
The motto, "In hac spe vivo."

SIM. A pretty moral;
From the dejected state wherein he is,
He hopes by you his fortunes yet may flourish.

FIRST LORD. He had need mean better than his out-
ward show
Can any way speak in his just commend; 50
For by his rusty outside he appears
To have practised more the whipstock than the lance.

"The wreath of chivalry," or chaplet of laurels, of line 29, was a reward of victors in mediæval tournaments.

33 *Quod me alit, me extinguit*] "That which nourishes me, extinguishes me."

38 "*Sic spectanda fides*"] "So fidelity is to be proved."

44 "*In hac spe vivo*"] "In this hope I live."

SEC. LORD. He well may be a stranger, for he comes
To an honour'd triumph strangely furnished.

THIRD LORD. And on set purpose let his armour rust
Until this day, to scour it in the dust.

SIM. Opinion 's but a fool, that makes us scan
The outward habit by the inward man.
But stay, the knights are coming: we will withdraw
Into the gallery. [*Exeunt.*
[*Great shouts within, and all cry "The mean knight!"*]

SCENE III—THE SAME

A HALL OF STATE: A BANQUET PREPARED

Enter SIMONIDES, THAISA, Lords, Knights, and Attendants

SIM. Knights,
To say you 're welcome were superfluous.
To place upon the volume of your deeds,
As in a title-page, your worth in arms,
Were more than you expect, or more than 's fit,
Since every worth in show commends itself.
Prepare for mirth, for mirth becomes a feast:
You are princes and my guests.

THAI. But you, my knight and guest;
To whom this wreath of victory I give, 10
And crown you king of this day's happiness.

56-57 *scan . . . inward man*] The words are here inverted, the meaning being that we scan the inward man by the outward habit.

59 [Stage direction] "*The mean knight*"] The meanly appalled knight.

6 *Since . . . itself*] Since all merit wins commendation when it is seen in action.

PER. 'T is more by fortune, lady, than my merit.

SIM. Call it by what you will, the day is yours;
And here, I hope, is none that envies it.
In framing an artist, art hath thus decreed,
To make some good, but others to exceed;
And you are her labour'd scholar. Come, queen o' the
feast, —

For, daughter, so you are, — here take your place:
Marshal the rest as they deserve their grace.

KNIGHTS. We are honour'd much by good Simonides. ²⁰

SIM. Your presence glads our days: honour we love;
For who hates honour hates the gods above.

MARSHAL. Sir, yonder is your place.

PER. Some other is more fit.

FIRST KNIGHT. Contend not, sir; for we are gentle-
men

That neither in our hearts nor outward eyes
Envy the great nor do the low despise.

PER. You are right courteous knights.

SIM. Sit, sir, sit.

[*Aside*] By Jove, I wonder, that is king of thoughts,
These cates resist me, he not thought upon.

THAL. [*Aside*] By Juno, that is queen of marriage, ³⁰
All viands that I eat do seem unsavoury,
Wishing him my meat.—Sure he's a gallant gentleman.

SIM. He's but a country gentleman;

¹⁷ *labour'd*] fully perfected.

²⁹ *These cates . . . upon*] Thus all the early editions. The meaning seems to be: These dainties repel me when I cease to think of the knight. Thought of the knight is sauce to these dainties.

Has done no more than other knights have done;
Has broken a staff or so; so let it pass.

THAI. [*Aside*] To me he seems like diamond to glass.

PER. [*Aside*] Yon king's to me like to my father's
picture,

Which tells me in that glory once he was;
Had princes sit, like stars, about his throne, 40
And he the sun, for them to reverence;
None that beheld him but, like lesser lights,
Did veil their crowns to his supremacy:
Where now his son's like a glow-worm in the night,
The which hath fire in darkness, none in light:
Whereby I see that Time's the king of men;
He's both their parent, and he is their grave,
And gives them what he will, not what they crave.

SIM. What, are you merry, knights?

KNIGHTS. Who can be other in this royal presence?

SIM. Here, with a cup that's stored unto the brim, — 50
As you do love, fill to your mistress' lips, —
We drink this health to you.

KNIGHTS. We thank your grace.

SIM. Yet pause awhile:

Yon knight doth sit too melancholy,
As if the entertainment in our court
Had not a show might countervail his worth.
Note it not you, Thaisa?

50 *stored*] The early texts have *stur'd* and *stirr'd*, which Malone and Steevens changed to *stor'd*, *i. e.*, "filled," "replenished." If *stirr'd* be adopted, the meaning is that the liquor bubbles to the brim of the cup.

56 *a show . . . worth*] a magnificence that might be equivalent to his merit.

THAI. What is 't to me, my father?

SIM. O, attend, my daughter:

Princes, in this, should live like gods above, 60
 Who freely give to every one that comes
 To honour them:

And princes not doing so are like to gnats,
 Which make a sound, but kill'd are wonder'd at.
 Therefore to make his entrance more sweet,
 Here, say we drink this standing-bowl of wine to him.

THAI. Alas, my father, it befits not me
 Unto a stranger knight to be so bold:
 He may my proffer take for an offence, 70
 Since men take women's gifts for impudence.

SIM. How!

Do as I bid you, or you 'll move me else.

THAI. [*Aside*] Now, by the gods, he could not please
 me better.

SIM. And furthermore tell him, we desire to know of
 him,

Of whence he is, his name and parentage.

THAI. The king my father, sir, has drunk to you.

PER. I thank him.

THAI. Wishing it so much blood unto your life.

PER. I thank both him and you, and pledge him
 freely.

THAI. And further he desires to know of you 80
 Of whence you are, your name and parentage.

63-64 *gnats*, . . . *wonder'd at*] gnats, which make so much noise, excite,
 when killed, wonder by their insignificance.

65 *entrance*] his coming amongst us; the word is here a trisyllable.

PER. A gentleman of Tyre; my name, Pericles;
My education been in arts and arms;
Who, looking for adventures in the world,
Was by the rough seas reft of ships and men,
And after shipwreck driven upon this shore.

THAI. He thanks your grace; names himself Pericles,
A gentleman of Tyre,
Who only by misfortune of the seas
Bereft of ships and men, cast on this shore. 90

SIM. Now, by the gods, I pity his misfortune,
And will awake him from his melancholy.
Come, gentlemen, we sit too long on trifles,
And waste the time, which looks for other revels.
Even in your armours, as you are address'd,
Will very well become a soldier's dance.
I will not have excuse, with saying this
Loud music is too harsh for ladies' heads,
Since they love men in arms as well as beds.

[*The Knights dance.*

So, this was well ask'd, 't was so well perform'd. 100
Come, sir, here 's a lady that wants breathing too:
And I have heard, you knights of Tyre

83 *been*] Thus the early text. The grammar requires *has been*. The fifth Quarto substituted *being*, which Malone adopted.

95 *as you are address'd*] The phrase is equivalent to "your present habiliments," and serves as subject of the verb "will become." "Address'd" is accoutred for the tournament.

97-98 *I will not . . . Loud music*] I will not have you excuse yourselves by saying that the loud sound produced by clash of arms is too harsh, etc.

SCENE IV

PERICLES

Are excellent in making ladies trip,
And that their measures are as excellent.

PER. In those that practise them they are, my lord.

SIM. O, that 's as much as you would be denied
Of your fair courtesy. *[The Knights and Ladies dance.*

Unclasp, unclasp:

Thanks, gentlemen, to all; all have done well,
[To Pericles] But you the best. Pages and lights, to
conduct

These knights unto their several lodgings! Yours, sir, ¹¹⁰
We have given order to be next our own.

PER. I am at your grace's pleasure.

SIM. Princes, it is too late to talk of love,
And that 's the mark I know you level at:
Therefore each one betake him to his rest;
To-morrow all for speeding do their best. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE IV—TYRE

A ROOM IN THE GOVERNOR'S HOUSE

Enter HELICANUS and ESCANES

HEL. No, Escanes, know this of me,
Antiochus from incest lived not free:
For which, the most high gods not minding longer
To withhold the vengeance that they had in store,
Due to this heinous capital offence,
Even in the height and pride of all his glory,
When he was seated in a chariot

Of an inestimable value, and his daughter with him,
 A fire from heaven came, and shrivell'd up
 Their bodies, even to loathing; for they so stunk, 10
 That all those eyes adored them ere their fall
 Scorn now their hand should give them burial.

ESCA. 'T was very strange.

HEL. And yet but justice; for though
 This king were great, his greatness was no guard
 To bar heaven's shaft, but sin had his reward.

ESCA. 'T is very true.

Enter two or three Lords

FIRST LORD. See, not a man in private conference
 Or council has respect with him but he.

SEC. LORD. It shall no longer grieve without reproof.

THIRD LORD. And cursed be he that will not second it. 20

FIRST LORD. Follow me then. Lord Helicane, a word.

HEL. With me? and welcome: happy day, my lords.

FIRST LORD. Know that our griefs are risen to the
 top,

And now at length they overflow their banks.

HEL. Your griefs! for what? wrong not your prince
 you love.

FIRST LORD. Wrong not yourself, then, noble Heli-
 cane;

But if the prince do live, let us salute him,
 Or know what ground 's made happy by his breath.
 If in the world he live, we 'll seek him out;
 If in his grave he rest, we 'll find him there; 30
 And be resolved he lives to govern us,

Or dead, give 's cause to mourn his funeral,
And leave us to our free election.

SEC. LORD. Whose death 's indeed the strongest in
our censure:

And knowing this kingdom is without a head, —
Like goodly buildings left without a roof
Soon fall to ruin — your noble self,
That best know how to rule and how to reign,
We thus submit unto, our sovereign.

ALL. Live, noble Helicane!

40

HEL. For honour's cause, forbear your suffrages:
If that you love Prince Pericles, forbear.
Take I your wish, I leap into the seas,
Where 's hourly trouble for a minute's ease.
A twelvemonth longer, let me entreat you
To forbear the absence of your king;
If in which time expired he not return,
I shall with aged patience bear your yoke.
But if I cannot win you to this love,
Go search like nobles, like noble subjects,
And in your search spend your adventurous worth;
Whom if you find and win unto return,
You shall like diamonds sit about his crown.

50

FIRST LORD. To wisdom he 's a fool that will not
yield;

34 *the strongest in our censure*] the most probable in our opinion.

41 *For honour's cause*] A reasonable emendation for the original reading
Try honours cause.

52-53 *if you . . . crown*] if you can bring him back, you shall be ac-
knowledged the brightest ornaments of his crown.

And since Lord Helicane enjoineth us,
We with our travels will endeavour it.

HEL. Then you love us, we you, and we'll clasp
hands:
When peers thus knit, a kingdom ever stands. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V—PENTAPOLIS

A ROOM IN THE PALACE

*Enter SIMONIDES, reading a letter, at one door: the
Knights meet him*

FIRST KNIGHT. Good morrow to the good Simonides.

SIM. Knights, from my daughter this I let you know,
That for this twelvemonth she'll not undertake
A married life.

Her reason to herself is only known,
Which from her by no means can I get.

SEC. KNIGHT. May we not get access to her, my lord?

SIM. Faith, by no means; she hath so strictly
Tied her to her chamber, that 't is impossible.
One twelve moons more she'll wear Diana's livery; 10
This by the eye of Cynthia hath she vow'd,
And on her virgin honour will not break it.

THIRD KNIGHT. Loath to bid farewell, we take our
leaves. [*Exeunt Knights.*]

SIM. So,
They are well dispatch'd; now to my daughter's letter:
She tells me here, she'll wed the stranger knight,

Or never more to view nor day nor light.
 'T is well, mistress; your choice agrees with mine;
 I like that well: nay, how absolute she 's in 't,
 Not minding whether I dislike or no! 20
 Well, I do commend her choice;
 And will no longer have it be delay'd.
 Soft! here he comes: I must dissemble it.

Enter PERICLES

PER. All fortune to the good Simonides!
 SIM. To you as much, sir! I am beholding to
 you
 For your sweet music this last night: I do
 Protest my ears were never better fed
 With such delightful pleasing harmony.
 PER. It is your grace's pleasure to commend;
 Not my desert.
 SIM. Sir, you are music's master. 30
 PER. The worst of all her scholars, my good lord.
 SIM. Let me ask you one thing: what do you think
 of my daughter, sir?
 PER. A most virtuous princess.
 SIM. And she is fair too, is she not?
 PER. As a fair day in summer, wondrous fair.
 SIM. Sir, my daughter thinks very well of you;
 Ay, so well, that you must be her master,
 And she will be your scholar: therefore look to it.
 PER. I am unworthy for her schoolmaster. 40
 SIM. She thinks not so; peruse this writing else.
 PER. [*Aside*] What 's here?

A letter, that she loves the knight of Tyre!
 'T is the king's subtilty to have my life. —
 O, seek not to entrap me, gracious lord,
 A stranger and distressed gentleman,
 That never aim'd so high to love your daughter,
 But bent all offices to honour her.

SIM. Thou hast bewitch'd my daughter, and thou art
 A villain.

PER. By the gods, I have not: 50
 Never did thought of mine levy offence;
 Nor never did my actions yet commence
 A deed might gain her love or your displeasure.

SIM. Traitor, thou liest.

PER. Traitor!

SIM. Ay, traitor.

PER. Even in his throat — unless it be the king —
 That calls me traitor, I return the lie.

SIM. [*Aside*] Now, by the gods, I do applaud his
 courage.

PER. My actions are as noble as my thoughts,
 That never relish'd of a base descent.
 I came unto your court for honour's cause, 60
 And not to be a rebel to her state;
 And he that otherwise accounts of me,
 This sword shall prove he's honour's enemy.

49 *Thou hast . . . daughter*] Cf. *Mids. N. Dr.*, I, i, 27, "This man hath bewitch'd the bosom of my child," and *Othello*, I, ii, 73, "thou hast practised on her with foul charms."

61 *her state*] Thus the old text. Wilkins's *Novel* supports the proposed change, "your state."

SIM. No?
Here comes my daughter, she can witness it.

Enter THAISA

PER. Then, as you are as virtuous as fair,
Resolve your angry father, if my tongue
Did e'er solicit, or my hand subscribe
To any syllable that made love to you.

THAI. Why, sir, say if you had, 70
Who takes offence at that would make me glad?

SIM. Yea, mistress, are you so peremptory?
[*Aside*] I am glad on 't with all my heart. —
I'll tame you; I'll bring you in subjection.
Will you, not having my consent,
Bestow your love and your affections
Upon a stranger? [*Aside*] who, for aught I know,
May be, nor can I think the contrary,
As great in blood as I myself. —

Therefore hear you, mistress; either frame 80
Your will to mine, — and you, sir, hear you,
Either be ruled by me, or I'll make you —
Man and wife:

Nay, come, your hands and lips must seal it too:
And being join'd, I'll thus your hopes destroy;
And for a further grief, — God give you joy!
What, are you both pleased?

THAI. Yes, if you love me, sir.

65] Cf. *Othello*, I, iii, 170: "Here comes the lady; let her witness it."

PERICLES

ACT II

PER. Even as my life my blood that fosters it.

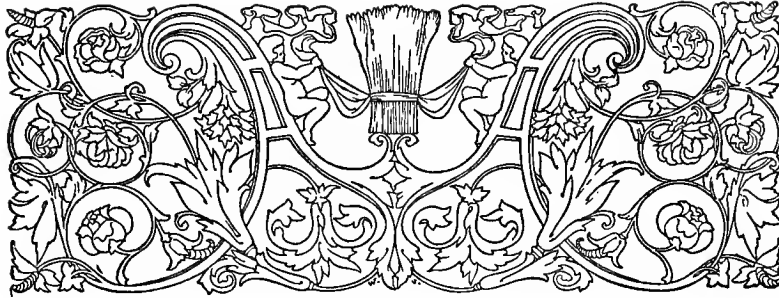
SIM. What, are you both agreed?

BOTH. Yes, if 't please your majesty. 90

SIM. It pleaseth me so well, that I will see you wed;
And then, with what haste you can, get you to bed.

[*Exeunt.*]

88 *Even as . . . fosters it*] Even as my life loves my blood that supports it.



ACT THIRD

Enter GOWER

GOWER



NOW SLEEP Y-SLAKED
hath the rout;
No din but snores the house
about,
Made louder by the o'er-fed
breast
Of this most pompous marriage-
feast.
The cat, with eyne of burning
coal,
Now couches 'fore the mouse's
hole;
And crickets sing at the oven's
mouth,

E'er the blither for their drouth.
Hymen hath brought the bride to bed,
Where, by the loss of maidenhead,
A babe is moulded. Be attent,
And time that is so briefly spent

10

With your fine fancies quaintly eche:
 What's dumb in show I'll plain with speech.

DUMB SHOW

Enter PERICLES and SIMONIDES at one door, with Attendants; a Messenger meets them, kneels, and gives PERICLES a letter: PERICLES shows it SIMONIDES; the Lords kneel to the former. Then enter THAISA with child, with Lychorida, a nurse: the King shows her the letter; she rejoices: she and PERICLES take leave of her father, and depart with Lychorida and their Attendants. Then exeunt SIMONIDES and the rest

By many a dern and painful perch
 Of Pericles the careful search,
 By the four opposing coigns
 Which the world together joins,
 Is made with all due diligence
 That horse and sail and high expense 20
 Can stead the quest. At last from Tyre,
 Fame answering the most strange inquire,
 To the court of King Simonides

13 *quaintly eche*] Malone's emendation of the original reading, *quaintly each*. "Eche" in the sense of "eke out," "supply," is so spelt in the original text of *Hen. V*, Act III, prol. 35: "And *eche out* our performance with your mind."

15 *By many a dern and painful perch*] Through many a hidden (or solitary) and laborious measure of land. "Dern" was in common use in early English. "Perch" is here used in a similar way to "mile," for a stretch of country.

17 *four opposing coigns*] four corners or quarters (of the globe).

21 *Can stead the quest*] Can befriend or serve the search.

Are letters brought, the tenour these:
 Antiochus and his daughter dead;
 The men of Tyrus on the head
 Of Helicanus would set on
 The crown of Tyre, but he will none:
 The mutiny he there hastes t' oppress;
 Says to 'em, if King Pericles 30
 Come not home in twice six moons,
 He, obedient to their dooms,
 Will take the crown. The sum of this,
 Brought hither to Pentapolis,
 Y-ravished the regions round,
 And every one with claps can sound,
 "Our heir-apparent is a king!
 Who dream'd, who thought of such a thing?"
 Brief, he must hence depart to Tyre:
 His queen with child makes her desire — 40
 Which who shall cross? — along to go.
 Omit we all their dole and woe:
 Lychorida, her nurse, she takes,
 And so to sea: their vessel shakes
 On Neptune's billow; half the flood
 Hath their keel cut: but fortune's mood
 Varies again; the grisled north

29 *oppress*] repress, suppress. The emendation *t' appease* is supported by the language of Wilkins's Novel.

36 *can*] Malone suggested *'gan*, which gives the right meaning. But "can" was often used by Elizabethan writers in a very similar sense.

47 *the grisled north*] the horrid north wind. Thus the First Quarto; all other early editions read *grisley*, *i. e.*, grisly. *Grisled* was not infrequently used in the same sense.

Disgorges such a tempest forth,
 That, as a duck for life that dives,
 So up and down the poor ship drives: 50
 The lady shrieks and well-a-*near*
 Does fall in travail with her fear:
 And what ensues in this fell storm
 Shall for itself itself perform.
 I will relate, action may
 Conveniently the rest convey;
 Which might not what by me is told.
 In your imagination hold
 This stage the ship, upon whose deck
 The sea-tost Pericles appears to speak. [Exit. 60

SCENE I

Enter PERICLES, on shipboard

PER. Thou god of this great vast, rebuke these surges,
 Which wash both heaven and hell; and thou, that
 hast
 Upon the winds command, bind them in brass,
 Having call'd them from the deep! O, still
 Thy deafening dreadful thunders; gently quench

51 *well-a-*near**] Wilkins's Novel reads here *well a day*, the commoner form of the exclamation.

53 [*fell*] the reading of the First Quarto, for which all the other early editions misprint *sel*.

1 *great vast*] great waste, void. This is the first scene of the play which can with confidence be assigned to Shakespeare's pen.

Thy nimble sulphurous flashes! O, how, Lychorida,
 How does my queen? Thou stormest venomously;
 Wilt thou spit all thyself? The seaman's whistle
 Is as a whisper in the ears of death,
 Unheard. Lychorida! — Lucina, O 10
 Divinest patroness and midwife gentle
 To those that cry by night, convey thy deity
 Aboard our dancing boat; make swift the pangs
 Of my queen's travails! Now, Lychorida!

Enter LYCHORIDA, with an Infant

LYC. Here is a thing too young for such a
 place,
 Who, if it had conceit, would die, as I
 Am like to do: take in your arms this piece
 Of your dead queen.

PER. How, how, Lychorida!

LYC. Patience, good sir; do not assist the storm. 20
 Here 's all that is left living of your queen,
 A little daughter: for the sake of it,
 Be manly, and take comfort.

PER. O you gods!
 Why do you make us love your goodly gifts,
 And snatch them straight away? We here below

8 *Wilt . . . thyself*] Wilt thou upheave all thy being? Cf. *Merch. of Ven.*, II, vii, 44, 45: "The watery kingdom, whose ambitious head *Spits* in the face of heaven."

11 *midwife*] Steevens's happy emendation of the original reading *my wife*.

16 *conceit*] thought, consciousness.

Recall not what we give, and therein may
Use honour with you.

LYC. Patience, good sir,
Even for this charge.

PER. Now, mild may be thy life!
For a more blustrous birth had never babe:
Quiet and gentle thy conditions! for
Thou art the rudeliest welcome to this world 30
That ever was prince's child. Happy what follows!
Thou hast as chiding a nativity
As fire, air, water, earth and heaven can make,
To herald thee from the womb: even at the first
Thy loss is more than can thy portage quit,
With all thou canst find here. Now, the good gods
Throw their best eyes upon 't!

Enter two Sailors

FIRST SAIL. What courage, sir? God save you!

PER. Courage enough: I do not fear the flaw;

26 *use*] share. Steevens substituted *vie*, *i. e.*, "contend in honour with you."

29 *conditions*] dispositions. Cf. *Othello*, IV, i, 189: "of so gentle a condition."

30-31 *Thou art . . . child*] Wilkins's Novel seems to give the full and correct reading: "Poor inch of nature, thou art as rudely welcome to the worlde as ever princesse babe was." "Poor inch of nature," a true Shakespearean touch, is omitted from the play.

35 *Thy loss . . . quit*] Thy loss is greater than thy safe carriage to port can make good.

39 *flaw*] squall.

It hath done to me the worst. Yet, for the love 40
 Of this poor infant, this fresh-new sea-farer,
 I would it would be quiet.

FIRST SAIL. Slack the bolins there! Thou wilt not,
 wilt thou? Blow, and split thyself.

SEC. SAIL. But sea-room, an the brine and cloudy
 billow kiss the moon, I care not.

FIRST SAIL. Sir, your queen must overboard: the sea
 works high, the wind is loud, and will not lie till the ship
 be cleared of the dead.

PER. That's your superstition. 50

FIRST. SAIL. Pardon us, sir; with us at sea it hath
 been still observed; and we are strong in custom.
 Therefore briefly yield her; for she must overboard
 straight.

PER. As you think meet. Most wretched queen!

LYC. Here she lies, sir.

PER. A terrible childbed hast thou had, my dear;
 No light, no fire: the unfriendly elements
 Forgot thee utterly; nor have I time
 To give thee hallow'd to thy grave, but straight
 Must cast thee, scarcely coffin'd, in the ooze; 60
 Where, for a monument upon thy bones,
 And aye-remaining lamps, the belching whale

43 *bolins*] no uncommon spelling of bow-lines, the ropes which steady a sail
 when the wind is unfavourable.

52 *strong in custom*] sticklers for tradition. The original text has *strong
 in costerne*, which is difficult to explain.

62 *aye-remaining lamps*] everlasting lamps, such as were wont to burn
 in sepulchral monuments. The original reading is *ayre remaining
 lamps*.

And humming water must o'erwhelm thy corpse,
 Lying with simple shells. O Lychorida,
 Bid Nestor bring me spices, ink and paper,
 My casket and my jewels; and bid Nicander
 Bring me the satin coffer: lay the babe
 Upon the pillow: hie thee, whiles I say
 A priestly farewell to her: suddenly, woman.

[*Exit Lychorida.*]

SEC. SAIL. Sir, we have a chest beneath the hatches,⁷⁰
 caulked and bitumed ready.

PER. I thank thee. Mariner, say what coast is this?

SEC. SAIL. We are near Tarsus.

PER. Thither, gentle mariner,

Alter thy course for Tyre. When canst thou reach it?

SEC. SAIL. By break of day, if the wind cease.

PER. O, make for Tarsus!

There will I visit Cleon, for the babe

Cannot hold out to Tyrus: there I'll leave it

At careful nursing. Go thy ways, good mariner: ⁸⁰

I'll bring the body presently. [*Exeunt.*]

⁶⁷ *satin coffer*] coffer lined with satin. According to III, ii, 70, *infra*,
 Thaisa was "shrouded in cloth of state."

⁷⁵ *Alter thy course for Tyre*] Alter thy course, which is set for Tyre, to
 Tarsus.

SCENE II—EPHESUS

A ROOM IN CERIMON'S HOUSE

Enter CERIMON, a Servant, and some Persons who have been shipwrecked

CER. Philemon, ho!

Enter PHILEMON

PHIL. Doth my lord call?

CER. Get fire and meat for these poor men:
'T has been a turbulent and stormy night.

SERV. I have been in many; but such a night as this,
Till now, I ne'er endured.

CER. Your master will be dead ere you return;
There's nothing can be minister'd to nature
That can recover him. [*To Philemon*] Give this to the
'pothecary,
And tell me how it works. [*Exeunt all but Cerimon.*]

Enter two Gentlemen

FIRST GENT. Good morrow. 10

SEC. GENT. Good morrow to your lordship.

CER. Gentlemen,

Why do you stir so early?

FIRST GENT. Sir,
Our lodgings, standing bleak upon the sea
Shook as the earth did quake;

The very principals did seem to rend
And all-to topple: pure surprise and fear
Made me to quit the house.

SEC. GENT. That is the cause we trouble you so early;
'T is not our husbandry.

CER. O, you say well. 20

FIRST GENT. But I much marvel that your lordship,
having

Rich tire about you, should at these early hours
Shake off the golden slumber of repose.

'T is most strange,
Nature should be so conversant with pain,
Being thereto not compell'd.

CER. I hold it ever,
Virtue and cunning were endowments greater
Than nobleness and riches: careless heirs
May the two latter darken and expend, 30
But immortality attends the former,
Making a man a god. 'T is known, I ever
Have studied physic, through which secret art,
By turning o'er authorities, I have,
Together with my practice, made familiar
To me and to my aid the blest infusions

19 *husbandry*] Cf. *Hen. V*, IV, i, 6-7: "For our bad neighbour makes us
earlystirrers, Which is both healthful and good *husbandry* [*i. e.*, economy]."

22 *Rich tire*] Rich furniture, or, rich bedclothes.

29 *darken and expend*] sully and waste by misuse.

35-36 *To me . . . stones*] Cf. *Rom. & Jul.*, II, iii, 15-16: "O mickle is
the powerful grace that lies In plants, herbs, stones and their true
qualities."

That dwell in vegetives, in metals, stones;
 And I can speak of the disturbances
 That nature works, and of her cures; which doth give me
 A more content in course of true delight
 Than to be thirsty after tottering honour, 40
 Or tie my treasure up in silken bags,
 To please the fool and death.

SEC. GENT. Your honour has through Ephesus pour'd
 forth

Your charity, and hundreds call themselves
 Your creatures, who by you have been restored:
 And not your knowledge, your personal pain, but even
 Your purse, still open, hath built Lord Cerimon
 Such strong renown as time shall never . . .

Enter two or three Servants with a chest

FIRST SERV. So; lift there.

CER. What 's that? 50

FIRST SERV. Sir,

Even now did the sea toss up upon our shore
 This chest: 't is of some wreck.

41 *treasure*] Steevens's emendation for the old reading *pleasure*. The passage emphasises the futility of hoarding wealth, which may satisfy the foolish owner, but whets death's appetite for destruction. The most familiar collocation of "fool" and "death" in Shakespeare is in *Meas. for Meas.*, III, i, 11, "merely, thou art *death's fool*;" and though the resemblance between that passage and the present be superficial, both vaguely suggest that folly is death's special prey.

48 *shall never . . .*] Thus the first three Quartos. The other early editions supply the word *decay*. Some such addition is needful to the sense. Dyce proposed *raze*.

CER. Set 't down, let 's look upon 't.

SEC. GENT. 'T is like a coffin, sir.

CER. Whate'er it be,

'T is wondrous heavy. Wrench it open straight:

If the sea's stomach be o'ercharged with gold,

'T is a good constraint of fortune it belches upon us.

SEC. GENT. 'T is so, my lord.

CER. How close 't is caulk'd and bitumed! Did the ⁶⁰
sea cast it up?

FIRST SERV. I never saw so huge a billow, sir, as
toss'd it upon shore.

CER. Wrench it open: soft! it smells most sweetly
in my sense.

SEC. GENT. A delicate odour.

CER. As ever hit my nostril. So, up with it.

O you most potent gods! what 's here? a corse!

FIRST GENT. Most strange!

CER. Shrouded in cloth of state; balmed and entrea- ⁷⁰
sured with full bags of spices! A passport too! Apollo,
perfect me in the characters! *[Reads from a scroll.]*

“ Here I give to understand,
If e'er this coffin drive a-land,
I, King Pericles, have lost
This queen, worth all our mundane cost.
Who finds her, give her burying ;
She was the daughter of a king :

⁵⁸ *'T is a good constraint of fortune it belches]* It is a good thing that fortune has compelled it to belch.

⁷¹ *A passport too! Apollo]* Malone's correction of the original reading, *A passport to Apollo.*

Besides this treasure for a fee,
The gods requite his charity !”

80

If thou livest, Pericles, thou hast a heart
That even cracks for woe! This chanced to-night.

SEC. GENT. Most likely, sir.

CER. Nay, certainly to-night;
For look how fresh she looks! They were too rough
That threw her in the sea. Make a fire within:
Fetch hither all my boxes in my closet. [*Exit a servant.*
Death may usurp on nature many hours,
And yet the fire of life kindle again
The o'erpress'd spirits. I heard of an Egyptian
That had nine hours lien dead,
Who was by good appliance recovered.

90

Re-enter a Servant, with boxes, napkins, and fire

Well said, well said; the fire and cloths.
The rough and woful music that we have,
Cause it to sound, beseech you.
The viol once more: how thou stirr'st, thou block!
The music there! I pray you, give her air.
Gentlemen,
This queen will live: nature awakes; a warmth

95 *viol*] Thus the first three Quartos. Other early editions read *vial*,
i. e., a bottle of perfume. But both the preceding and succeeding lines
suggest the reference to an instrument of music.

97 *Gentlemen, etc.*] The original text divides the lines here differ-
ently. The accepted division is that adopted by Malone and
Steevens.

Breathes out of her: she hath not been entranced
 Above five hours: see how she 'gins to blow 100
 Into life's flower again!

FIRST GENT. The heavens,
 Through you, increase our wonder, and set up
 Your fame for ever.

CER. She is alive; behold,
 Her eyelids, cases to those heavenly jewels
 Which Pericles hath lost, begin to part
 Their fringes of bright gold: the diamonds
 Of a most praised water do appear
 To make the world twice rich. Live,
 And make us weep to hear your fate, fair creature,
 Rare as you seem to be. [She moves.

THAI. O dear Diana, 110
 Where am I? Where's my lord? What world is this?

SEC. GENT. Is not this strange?

FIRST GENT. Most rare.

CER. Hush, my gentle neighbours!
 Lend me your hands; to the next chamber bear her.
 Get linen: now this matter must be look'd to,
 For her relapse is mortal. Come, come;
 And Æsculapius guide us! [Exeunt, carrying her away.

104 *eyelids, cases*] Cf. V, i, 110, *infra*, and *Wint. Tale*, V, ii, 11-12: "they scemed almost, with staring on one another, to tear *the cases of their eyes*."

106 *fringes*] Cf. *Tempest*, I, ii, 408, "The *fringed* curtains of thine eye."

107 *water*] technically applied to the "lustre" or "brilliance" of a diamond.

SCENE III—TARSUS

A ROOM IN THE GOVERNOR'S HOUSE

*Enter PERICLES, CLEON, DIONYZA, and LYCHORIDA with
MARINA in her arms*

PER. Most honour'd Cleon, I must needs be gone;
My twelve months are expired, and Tyrus stands
In a litigious peace. You, and your lady,
Take from my heart all thankfulness! The gods
Make up the rest upon you!

CLE. Your shafts of fortune, though they hurt you
mortally,
Yet glance full wanderingly on us.

DION. O your sweet queen!
That the strict fates had pleased you had brought her
hither,

To have bless'd mine eyes with her!

PER. We cannot but obey ¹⁰
The powers above us. Could I rage and roar
As doth the sea she lies in, yet the end
Must be as 't is. My gentle babe Marina, whom,
For she was born at sea, I have named so, here
I charge your charity withal, leaving her
The infant of your care; beseeching you

3 *litigious*] disputed, depending on the uncertainties of negotiation or litigation.

6-7 *shafts . . . hurt . . . wanderingly*] Steevens's correction of the original text, which reads here *strokes . . . haunt* [or *hate*] . . . *wonderingly, respectively*.

To give her princely training, that she may be
Manner'd as she is born.

CLE. Fear not, my lord, but think
Your grace, that fed my country with your corn,
For which the people's prayers still fall upon you,
Must in your child be thought on. If neglection 20
Should therein make me vile, the common body,
By you relieved, would force me to my duty:
But if to that my nature need a spur,
The gods revenge it upon me and mine,
To the end of generation!

PER. I believe you;
Your honour and your goodness teach me to 't,
Without your vows. Till she be married, madam,
By bright Diana, whom we honour, all
Unscissar'd shall this hair of mine remain, 30
Though I show ill in 't. So I take my leave.
Good madam, make me blessed in your care
In bringing up my child.

DION. I have one myself,
Who shall not be more dear to my respect
Than yours, my lord.

PER. Madam, my thanks and prayers.

CLE. We'll bring your grace e'en to the edge o' the
shore,

21 *common body*] common people; so in *Cor.*, II, ii, 51.

29 *Unscissar'd*] Thus Wilkins's Novel in the corresponding passage. All early editions of the play read *unsistered*.

30 *ill*] Malone's emendation of the old reading *will*. Pericles says in Wilkins's Novel that his hair will remain "all uncomely."

Then give you up to the mask'd Neptune and
The gentlest winds of heaven.

PER. I will embrace
Your offer. Come, dearest madam. O, no tears,
Lychorida, no tears:
Look to your little mistress, on whose grace 40
You may depend hereafter. Come, my lord. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV—EPHESUS

A ROOM IN CERIMON'S HOUSE

Enter CERIMON and THAISA

CER. Madam, this letter, and some certain jewels,
Lay with you in your coffer: which are
At your command. Know you the character?

THAI. It is my lord's.
That I was shipp'd at sea, I well remember,
Even on my eaning time; but whether there
Delivered, by the holy gods,
I cannot rightly say. But since King Pericles,
My wedded lord, I ne'er shall see again, 10
A vestal livery will I take me to,
And never more have joy.

CER. Madam, if this you purpose as ye speak,

36 *mask'd Neptune*] The original reading, "Mask'd" means "masked in stillness," "fair seeming."

37-41 *I will embrace . . . Come, my lord*] This passage, printed as prose in the early editions, was restored to verse by Malone.

PERICLES

ACT III

Diana's temple is not distant far,
Where you may abide till your date expire.
Moreover, if you please, a niece of mine
Shall there attend you.

THAI. My recompense is thanks, that's all;
Yet my good will is great, though the gift small. [*Exeunt.*]

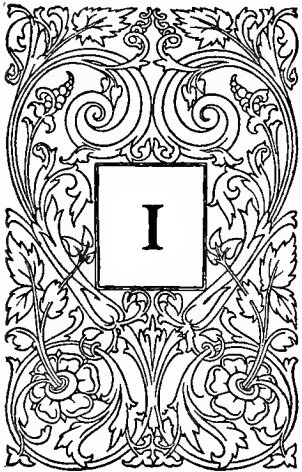
14 *date*] appointed term of life. Cf. *Sonnet* cxiii, 5: "Our *dates* are brief."



ACT FOURTH

GOWER

Enter GOWER



IMAGINE PERICLES ARRIVED at Tyre,
Welcomed and settled to his own
desire.

His woeful queen we leave at
Ephesus,
Unto Diana there as a votaress.
Now to Marina bend your mind,
Whom our fast-growing scene
must find

At Tarsus, and by Cleon train'd
In music, letters; who hath gain'd
Of education all the grace,

Which makes her both the heart and place 10
Of general wonder. But, alack,
That monster envy, oft the wrack

¹⁰ *makes her . . . heart*] The early editions read *makes hie* [*i. e.*, high] *both the art*. The correction is due to Steevens. "Heart and place" means "centre and abiding-place."

Of earned praise, Marina's life
 Seeks to take off by treason's knife.
 And in this kind hath our Cleon
 One daughter, and a wench full grown,
 Even ripe for marriage rite; this maid
 Hight Philoten: and it is said
 For certain in our story, she
 Would ever with Marina be: 20
 Be 't when she weaved the sleided silk
 With fingers long, small, white as milk;
 Or when she would with sharp needle wound
 The cambric, which she made more sound
 By hurting it; or when to the lute
 She sung, and made the night-bird mute,
 That still records with moan; or when
 She would with rich and constant pen
 Vail to her mistress Dian; still
 This Philoten contends in skill 30
 With absolute Marina: so
 With the dove of Paphos might the crow

15 *in this kind*] in this manner.

17 *ripe . . . rite*] The first Quarto reads, "Even *right* for marriage *sight*."
 The second Quarto substituted *ripe* for *right*. Percy proposed *rites*
 for *sight*. More recent editors have adopted *rite*.

21 *sleided silk*] raw, untwisted silk. The phrase recurs in "Lover's Com-
 plaint," 48.

26-27 *night-bird . . . moan*] Cf. *Two Gent.*, V, iv, 5-6, "to the night-
 ingale's complaining notes Tune my distresses and record my
 woes."

32 *Paphos*] A shrine of Venus, who was attended by doves. Cf. *Tempest*,

Vie feathers white. Marina gets
 All praises, which are paid as debts,
 And not as given. This so darks
 In Philoten all graceful marks,
 That Cleon's wife, with envy rare,
 A present murderer does prepare
 For good Marina, that her daughter
 Might stand peerless by this slaughter. 40
 The sooner her vile thoughts to stead,
 Lychorida, our nurse, is dead:
 And cursed Dionyza hath
 The pregnant instrument of wrath
 Prest for this blow. The unborn event
 I do commend to your content:
 Only I carry winged time
 Post on the lame feet of my rhyme;
 Which never could I so convey,
 Unless your thoughts went on my way. 50
 Dionyza does appear,
 With Leonine, a murderer. [Exit.

IV, i, 92-94: "I met her Deity Cutting the clouds towards *Paphos*, and her son *Dove-drawn* with her."

44-45 *pregnant . . . Prest*] Both words here mean "ready." For "prest" cf. *Merch. of Ven.*, I, i, 160, and note.

47-48 *Only . . . rhyme*] In my slowly-spoken verse I make time fly post-haste.

SCENE I—TARSUS

AN OPEN PLACE NEAR THE SEA-SHORE

Enter DIONYZA with LEONINE

DION. Thy oath remember; thou hast sworn to do 't:

'T is but a blow, which never shall be known.
 Thou canst not do a thing in the world so soon,
 To yield thee so much profit. Let not conscience,
 Which is but cold, inflaming love i' thy bosom,
 Inflame too nicely; nor let pity, which
 Even women have cast off, melt thee, but be
 A soldier to thy purpose.

LEON. I will do 't; but yet she is a goodly creature.

DION. The fitter then the gods should have her.¹⁰
 Here she comes weeping for her only mistress' death.
 Thou art resolved?

LEON. I am resolved.

1 *etc. Thy oath remember, etc.*] In the original edition almost the whole of this scene is printed as prose. Rowe first divided the lines into verse.
 5-6 *inflaming . . . nicely*] The early Quartos read, "*in flaming thy love bosom.*" The Folios make *inflaming* a single word. The collocation of "inflaming" and "inflame" renders the text suspicious. Various changes have been suggested, *e. g.*, *enforcing* for *inflaming*, and *inform* for *inflame*. The meaning seems to be that conscience, which has just been lulled to insensibility or become cold, must not, by stirring love or pity, be suffered to work too scrupulously.

8 *A soldier to thy purpose*] A man of resolute courage.

Enter MARINA, with a basket of flowers

MAR. No, I will rob Tellus of her weed,
 To strew thy green with flowers: the yellows, blues,
 The purple violets, and marigolds,
 Shall, as a carpet, hang upon thy grave,
 While summer-days do last. Ay me! poor maid,
 Born in a tempest, when my mother died,
 This world to me is like a lasting storm, 20
 Whirring me from my friends.

DION. How now, Marina! why do you keep alone?
 How chance my daughter is not with you?
 Do not consume your blood with sorrowing:
 You have a nurse of me. Lord, how your favour's
 Changed with this unprofitable woe!
 Come, give me your flowers, ere the sea mar it.
 Walk with Leonine; the air is quick there,
 And it pierces and sharpens the stomach.
 Come, Leonine, take her by the arm, walk with her. 30

MAR. No, I pray you; I'll not bereave you of your servant.

DION. Come, come;

14 *Tellus . . . weed*] "Tellus," Latin for "earth," is the Earth personified. "Weed" means "garment."

15 *green*] the green grass about thy grave.

21 *Whirring*] Thus the first three Quartos. The other editions read *Hurrying*.

27 *ere the sea mar it*] Thus the original reading, for which many changes have been suggested, e. g., *on the sea margent*. The "it" probably refers to the wreath of flowers.

I love the king your father and yourself
 With more than foreign heart. We every day
 Expect him here: when he shall come, and find
 Our paragon to all reports thus blasted,
 He will repent the breadth of his great voyage;
 Blame both my lord and me, that we have taken
 No care to your best courses. Go, I pray you, 40
 Walk, and be cheerful once again; reserve
 That excellent complexion, which did steal
 The eyes of young and old. Care not for me;
 I can go home alone.

MAR. Well, I will go;
 But yet I have no desire to it.

DION. Come, come, I know 't is good for you.
 Walk half an hour, Leonine, at the least:
 Remember what I have said.

LEON. I warrant you, madam.

DION. I 'll leave you, my sweet lady, for a while:
 Pray, walk softly, do not heat your blood: 50
 What! I must have care of you.

MAR. My thanks, sweet madam.
 [Exit Dionyza.]

Is this wind westerly that blows?

LEON. South-west.

37 *paragon . . . reports*] our paragon of beauty according to all reports.

40 *No care . . . courses*] no attention to what was best for you.

41-43 *reserve . . . young and old*] Like words and phrases figure in the *Sonnets*. Cf. *Sonnet xxxii*, 7, "Reserve them [*i. e.*, preserve them] for my love," and *xx*, 8-9, "A man in hue . . . Which steals men's eyes."

MAR. When I was born, the wind was north.

LEON. Was 't so?

MAR. My father, as nurse said, did never fear,
But cried "Good seamen!" to the sailors, galling
His kingly hands, haling ropes;
And, clasping to the mast, endured a sea
That almost burst the deck.

LEON. When was this?

MAR. When I was born:

60

Never was waves nor wind more violent;
And from the ladder-tackle washes off
A canvas-climber. "Ha!" says one, "wilt out?"
And with a dropping industry they skip
From stem to stern: the boatswain whistles, and
The master calls and trebles their confusion.

LEON. Come, say your prayers.

MAR. What mean you?

LEON. If you require a little space for prayer,
I grant it: pray; but be not tedious,
For the gods are quick of ear, and I am sworn
To do my work with haste.

70

MAR. Why will you kill me?

LEON. To satisfy my lady.

63 *A canvas-climber*] A sailor climbing the mast to furl or unfurl the sails. Cf. *Hen. V*, Act III, Prol. 8: "the hempen tackle ship-boys climbing."

"wilt out?"] "wilt thou away?" "wilt thou go?" "cannot you hold on?" It is here an exclamation of surprise, on seeing the sailor swept away by the waves. "Dropping industry" in the next line means "occupation which involves risk of dropping into the sea."

MAR. Why would she have me kill'd?
 Now, as I can remember, by my troth,
 I never did her hurt in all my life:
 I never spake bad word, nor did ill turn
 To any living creature: believe me, la,
 I never kill'd a mouse, nor hurt a fly:
 I trod upon a worm against my will, 80
 But I wept for it. How have I offended,
 Wherein my death might yield her any profit,
 Or my life imply her any danger?

LEON. My commission
 Is not to reason of the deed, but do 't.

MAR. You will not do 't for all the world, I
 hope.

You are well favour'd, and your looks foreshow
 You have a gentle heart. I saw you lately,
 When you caught hurt in parting two that fought:
 Good sooth, it show'd well in you: do so now: 90
 Your lady seeks my life; come you between,
 And save poor me, the weaker.

LEON. I am sworn,
 And will dispatch.

[*He seizes her.*]

Enter Pirates

FIRST PIRATE. Hold, villain! [*Leonine runs away.*]

SEC. PIRATE. A prize! a prize!

THIRD PIRATE. Half-part, mates, half-part. Come
 let 's have her aboard suddenly.

[*Exeunt Pirates with Marina.*]

Re-enter LEONINE

LEON. These roguing thieves serve the great pirate
 Valdes;
 And they have seized Marina. Let her go: 99
 There 's no hope she will return. I 'll swear she 's dead,
 And thrown into the sea. But I 'll see further:
 Perhaps they will but please themselves upon her,
 Not carry her aboard. If she remain,
 Whom they have ravish'd must by me be slain. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II—MYTILENE

A ROOM IN A BROTHEL

Enter PANDAR, BAWD, and BOULT

PAND. Boul't!

BOULT. Sir?

PAND. Search the market narrowly; Mytilene is full
 of gallants. We lost too much money this mart by being
 too wenchless.

BAWD. We were never so much out of creatures. We
 have but poor three, and they can do no more than they

98 *roguing* . . . *Valdes*] Steevens substituted *roving* for *roguing*. But the latter word is not infrequently used for "vagrant." Valdes was the name of one of the chief admirals of the Spanish Armada. He was captured by Sir Francis Drake at sea, and sent prisoner to Dartmouth. In Robert Greene's novel of *The Spanish Masquerado* (1589), the fortunes of Admiral Don Pedro de Valdes are described in detail.

4 *this mart*] during this season of traffic or market time.

can do; and they with continual action are even as good as rotten.

PAND. Therefore let's have fresh ones, whate'er we pay for them. If there be not a conscience to be used in every trade, we shall never prosper.¹⁰

BAWD. Thou sayest true: 't is not our bringing up of poor bastards, — as, I think, I have brought up some eleven —

BOULT. Ay, to eleven; and brought them down again. But shall I search the market?

BAWD. What else, man? The stuff we have, a strong wind will blow it to pieces, they are so pitifully sodden.

PAND. Thou sayest true; they're too unwholesome,²⁰ o' conscience. The poor Transylvanian is dead, that lay with the little baggage.

BOULT. Ay, she quickly pooped him; she made him roast-meat for worms. But I'll go search the market. *[Exit.]*

PAND. Three or four thousand chequins were as pretty a proportion to live quietly, and so give over.

BAWD. Why to give over, I pray you? is it a shame to get when we are old?

16 *to eleven . . . again*] to the age of eleven; and then ruined them.

18 *stuff*] Cf. *Com. of Errors*, IV, iv, 155.

20 *they're too*] Malone's emendation of the original *ther's* (*i. e.*, there's) *two*.

23 *pooped*] wrecked; a nautical metaphor.

25 *chequins*] a gold coin of Italy and Turkey, worth about eight shillings.

"Sequins" is another form of the same word.

26 *proportion to live*] portion to live on.

PAND. O, our credit comes not in like the commodity,
nor the commodity wages not with the danger: there-³⁰
fore, if in our youths we could pick up some pretty
estate, 't were not amiss to keep our door hatched. Be-
sides, the sore terms we stand upon with the gods will
be strong with us for giving o'er.

BAWD. Come, other sorts offend as well as we.

PAND. As well as we! ay, and better too; we offend
worse. Neither is our profession any trade; it's no
calling. But here comes Boulton.

Re-enter BOULT, with the Pirates and MARINA

BOULT. [*To Marina*] Come your ways. My masters,
you say she's a virgin?⁴⁰

FIRST PIRATE. O, sir, we doubt it not.

BOULT. Master, I have gone through for this piece,
you see: if you like her, so; if not, I have lost my
earnest.

BAWD. Boulton, has she any qualities?

BOULT. She has a good face, speaks well, and has
excellent good clothes: there's no farther necessity of
qualities can make her be refused.

29-30 *our credit . . . danger*] reputation does not come with the profit
we derive from our trade, nor is the profit an equivalent for the risk
we run.

32 *keep . . . hatched*] shut up the door, put up our shutters.

42 *gone through*] struck a dear bargain.

44 *earnest*] deposit.

47-48 *there's no . . . refused*] there is no need to consider other qualities
which might render her unacceptable.

BAWD. What's her price, Boul't?

BOULT. I cannot be bated one doit of a thousand⁵⁰ pieces.

PAND. Well, follow me, my masters, you shall have your money presently. Wife, take her in; instruct her what she has to do, that she may not be raw in her entertainment. *[Exeunt Pandar and Pirates.]*

BAWD. Boul't, take you the marks of her, the colour of her hair, complexion, height, her age, with warrant of her virginity; and cry "He that will give most shall have her first." Such a maidenhead were no cheap thing, if men were as they have been. Get this done as I⁶⁰ command you.

BOULT. Performance shall follow. *[Exit.]*

MAR. Alack that Leonine was so slack, so slow! He should have struck, not spoke; or that these pirates, Not enough barbarous, had not o'erboard thrown me For to seek my mother!

BAWD. Why lament you, pretty one?

MAR. That I am pretty.

BAWD. Come, the gods have done their part in you.

MAR. I accuse them not. ⁷⁰

BAWD. You are light into my hands, where you are like to live.

MAR. The more my fault,
To 'scape his hands where I was like to die.

BAWD. Ay, and you shall live in pleasure.

MAR. No.

⁷¹ *light*] ordinarily written "lit."

⁷³ *fault*] misfortune or injury.

BAWD. Yes, indeed shall you, and taste gentlemen of all fashions: you shall fare well; you shall have the difference of all complexions. What! do you stop your ears? 80

MAR. Are you a woman?

BAWD. What would you have me be, an I be not a woman?

MAR. An honest woman, or not a woman.

BAWD. Marry, whip thee, gosling: I think I shall have something to do with you. Come, you 're a young foolish sapling, and must be bowed as I would have you.

MAR. The gods defend me!

BAWD. If it please the gods to defend you by men, ⁹⁰ then men must comfort you, men must feed you, men must stir you up. Boul't's returned.

Re-enter BOULT

Now, sir, hast thou cried her through the market?

BOULT. I have cried her almost to the number of her hairs; I have drawn her picture with my voice.

BAWD. And I prithee tell me, how dost thou find the inclination of the people, especially of the younger sort?

BOULT. Faith, they listened to me as they would have hearkened to their father's testament. There was a Spaniard's mouth so watered, that he went to bed to her very description. 102

BAWD. We shall have him here to-morrow with his best ruff on.

BOULT. To-night, to-night. But, mistress, do you know the French knight that cowers i' the hams?

BAWD. Who, Monsieur Veroles?

BOULT. Ay, he: he offered to cut a caper at the proclamation; but he made a groan at it, and swore he would see her to-morrow. 110

BAWD. Well, well; as for him, he brought his disease hither: here he does but repair it. I know he will come in our shadow, to scatter his crowns in the sun.

BOULT. Well, if we had of every nation a traveller, we should lodge them with this sign.

BAWD. Pray you, come hither awhile. You have fortunes coming upon you. Mark me: you must seem to do that fearfully which you commit willingly, despise profit where you have most gain. To weep that you live as ye do makes pity in your lovers: seldom but that pity begets you a good opinion, and that opinion a mere profit. 122

MAR. I understand you not.

BOULT. O, take her home, mistress, take her home: these blushes of hers must be quenched with some present practice.

BAWD. Thou sayest true, i' faith, so they must; for your bride goes to that with shame which is her way to go with warrant.

115 *we . . . sign*] we should get them to lodge here, while we had such a sign as this girl to attract company.

122 *mere*] undiluted, absolute.

128-129 *your bride . . . warrant*] even your bride shows some sense of shame when she goes the road which she has full legal warrant to go.

BOULT. Faith, some do, and some do not. But, mistress, if I have bargained for the joint, — 131

BAWD. Thou mayst cut a morsel off the spit.

BOULT. I may so.

BAWD. Who should deny it? Come, young one, I like the manner of your garments well.

BOULT. Ay, by my faith, they shall not be changed yet.

BAWD. Boul't, spend thou that in the town: report what a sojourner we have; you 'll lose nothing by custom. When nature framed this piece, she meant thee a good turn; therefore say what a paragon she is, and thou hast the harvest out of thine own report. 142

BOULT. I warrant you, mistress, thunder shall not so awake the beds of eels as my giving out her beauty stir up the lewdly-inclined. I 'll bring home some to-night.

BAWD. Come your ways; follow me.

MAR. If fires be hot, knives sharp, or waters deep, Untied I still my virgin knot will keep.

Diana, aid my purpose! 149

BAWD. What have we to do with Diana? Pray you, will you go with us? [Exeunt.]

143-144 *thunder . . . eels*] Cf. Marston's *Satires*, Bk. II, vii, 204: "*Eels . . . that never will appear Till that tempestuous winds or thunder tear their slimy beds.*"

SCENE III—TARSUS

A ROOM IN THE GOVERNOR'S HOUSE

Enter CLEON and DIONYZA

DION. Why, are you foolish? Can it be undone?

CLE. O Dionyza, such a piece of slaughter
The sun and moon ne'er look'd upon!

DION. I think
You 'll turn a child again.

CLE. Were I chief lord of all this spacious world,
I 'ld give it to undo the deed. O lady,
Much less in blood than virtue, yet a princess
To equal any single crown o' the earth
I' the justice of compare! O villain Leonine!
Whom thou hast poison'd too:
If thou hadst drunk to him, 't had been a kindness
Becoming well thy fact: what canst thou say
When noble Pericles shall demand his child?

10

DION. That she is dead. Nurses are not the fates,
To foster it, nor ever to preserve.
She died at night; I 'll say so. Who can cross it?
Unless you play the pious innocent,

11 *If thou hadst . . . him*] If you had, like a taster, drunk of the poisoned cup first, before he drank of it.

12 *fact*] the original reading. Steevens and Malone read *feat*. "Fact" is here used in the common sense of "deed."

17 *pious innocent*] words from Wilkins's Novel. The first three Quartos read *impious innocent*. Other early editions omit the epithet.

And for an honest attribute cry out
 "She died by foul play."

CLE. O, go to. Well, well,
 Of all the faults beneath the heavens, the gods
 Do like this worst. 20

DION. Be one of those that think
 The pretty wrens of Tarsus will fly hence
 And open this to Pericles. I do shame
 To think of what a noble strain you are
 And of how coward a spirit.

CLE. To such proceeding
 Who ever but his approbation added,
 Though not his prime consent, he did not flow
 From honourable sources.

DION. Be it so, then:
 Yet none does know, but you, how she came dead,
 Nor none can know, Leonine being gone. 30
 She did distain my child, and stood between
 Her and her fortunes: none would look on her,
 But cast their gazes on Marina's face;
 Whilst ours was blurted at, and held a malkin,
 Not worth the time of day. It pierced me thorough;
 And though you call my course unnatural,

18 *for an honest attribute*] for the sake of qualifying for the name of an honest man.

27 *prime consent*] Dyce's emendation of the reading *prince consent* and *whole consent* of early editions. The meaning is that the man who merely gave his approval to such a deed after its committal, and was no accessory before the fact, shows himself of dishonourable strain.

31 *distain*] sully by contrast, throw into the shade. The original reading is *disdain*, which might mean "cause to be disdained."

You not your child well loving, yet I find
It greets me as an enterprise of kindness
Perform'd to your sole daughter.

CLE. Heavens forgive it!

40

DION. And as for Pericles,
What should he say? We wept after her hearse,
And yet we mourn: her monument
Is almost finish'd, and her epitaphs
In glittering golden characters express
A general praise to her, and care in us
At whose expense 't is done.

CLE. Thou art like the harpy,
Which, to betray, dost, with thine angel's face,
Seize with thine eagle's talons.

DION. You are like one that superstitiously
Doth swear to the gods that winter kills the flies: 50
But yet I know you 'll do as I advise. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV

Enter GOWER, before the monument of MARINA at Tarsus

Gow. Thus time we waste, and longest leagues make
short;
Sail seas in cockles, have and wish but for 't;

38 *It greets me*] It salutes, is grateful to, me.

49-50 *You are . . . flies*] You are so fanatically humane that you would
complain to heaven of winter because it kills the flies.

2 *Sail seas in cockles*] Make, like the witches, a miraculous voyage by sea
in cockleshells.

Making, to take our imagination,
 From bourn to bourn, region to region.
 By you being pardon'd, we commit no crime
 To use one language in each several clime
 Where our scenes seem to live. I do beseech you
 To learn of me, who stand i' the gaps to teach you
 The stages of our story. Pericles
 Is now again thwarting the wayward seas, 10
 Attended on by many a lord and knight,
 To see his daughter, all his life's delight.
 Old Helicanus goes along: behind
 Is left to govern it, you bear in mind
 Old Escanes, whom Helicanus late
 Advanced in time to great and high estate.
 Well-sailing ships and bounteous winds have brought
 This king to Tarsus, — think his pilot thought;
 So with his steerage shall your thoughts grow on, —
 To fetch his daughter home, who first is gone. 20

3 *Making . . . imagination*] Travelling as our fancy takes us. *Our* is the original reading. Malone substituted *your*, which complicates the passage.

13–16 *Old Helicanus . . . estate*] This is substantially the reading of the early editions, with revised punctuation. Steevens and other editors suggested somewhat violent changes, which seem unnecessary. “Old Helicanus goes along” means that he “goes along with, accompanies, Pericles.” “It” after “govern” is redundant.

18–19 *think his pilot . . . grow on*] Here the original editions read *Pilate* or *Pilate* for *pilot*, and *grone* for *grow on*. The corrections are due to Malone. The meaning is, “imagine swift thought to be his pilot; then shall your imagination keep pace with, keep up with, the king's progress.”

20 *who first is gone*] who has left Tarsus before her father's arrival.

Like notes and shadows see them move awhile;
Your ears unto your eyes I 'll reconcile.

DUMB SHOW

Enter PERICLES at one door, with all his train; CLEON and DIONYZA at the other. CLEON shows PERICLES the tomb; whereat PERICLES makes lamentation, puts on sackcloth, and in a mighty passion departs. Then exeunt CLEON, DIONYZA, and the rest

See how belief may suffer by foul show!
This borrow'd passion stands for true old woe;
And Pericles, in sorrow all devour'd,
With sighs shot through and biggest tears o'erhower'd,
Leaves Tarsus and again embarks. He swears
Never to wash his face, nor cut his hairs:
He puts on sackcloth, and to sea. He bears
A tempest, which his mortal vessel tears, 30
And yet he rides it out. Now please you wit
The epitaph is for Marina writ
By wicked Dionyza.

[Reads the inscription on Marina's monument.

"The fairest, sweet'st and best, lies here,
Who wither'd in her spring of year.
She was of Tyrus the king's daughter,
On whom foul death hath made this slaughter;

24 *This borrow'd passion . . . woe*] This reflected suffering, felt vicariously, is as great as the sense of sorrow in all its sincerity. *Old* has the intensitive force of "real."

30 *mortal vessel*] body, corporeal frame. Cf. *Ant. and Cleop.*, V, ii, 51, "mortal house."

Marina she was call'd ; and at her birth,
 Thetis, being proud, swallow'd some part o' the earth: 40
 Therefore the earth, fearing to be o'erflow'd,
 Hath Thetis' birth-child on the heavens bestow'd:
 Wherefore she does, and swears she 'll never stint,
 Make raging battery upon shores of flint."

No visor does become black villany
 So well as soft and tender flattery.
 Let Pericles believe his daughter's dead,
 And bear his courses to be ordered
 By Lady Fortune; while our scene must play
 His daughter's woe and heavy well-a-day
 In her unholy service. Patience, then, 50
 And think you now are all in Mytilene. [Exit.

SCENE V—MYTILENE

A STREET BEFORE THE BROTHEL

Enter, from the brothel, two Gentlemen

FIRST GENT. Did you ever hear the like?

SEC. GENT. No, nor never shall do in such a place as
 this, she being once gone.

39 *Thetis*] The sea nymph in Greek mythology, being daughter of Nereus and granddaughter of both Pontus and Oceanus, here stands, as in later Latin authors, for the sea itself.

42-43 *she does . . . flint*] the sea rages against the rocky shores, and swears she'll never stop.

47 *bear his courses*] suffer his proceedings.

48 *scene*] Malone's correction of the original reading *steare*.

FIRST GENT. But to have divinity preached there! did you ever dream of such a thing?

SEC. GENT. No, no. Come, I am for no more bawdy-houses: shall 's go hear the vestals sing?

FIRST GENT. I 'll do any thing now that is virtuous; but I am out of the road of rutting for ever. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI—THE SAME

A ROOM IN THE BROTHEL

Enter Pandar, Bawd, and BOULT

PAND. Well, I had rather than twice the worth of her she had ne'er come here.

BAWD. Fie, fie upon her! she 's able to freeze the god Priapus, and undo a whole generation. We must either get her ravished or be rid of her. When she should do for clients her fitment and do me the kindness of our profession, she has me her quirks, her reasons, her master reasons, her prayers, her knees; that she would make a puritan of the devil, if he should cheapen a kiss of her. 10

BOULT. Faith, I must ravish her, or she 'll disfurnish us of all our cavaliers and make all our swearers priests.

PAND. Now, the pox upon her green-sickness for me!

BAWD. Faith, there 's no way to be rid on 't but by the way to the pox. Here comes the Lord Lysimachus disguised.

¹³ *green sickness*] an anæmic ailment, to which young girls are subject.

BOULT. We should have both lord and lown, if the peevish baggage would but give way to customers.

Enter LYSIMACHUS

LYS. How now! How a dozen of virginities?

BAWD. Now, the gods to-bless your honour!

20

BOULT. I am glad to see your honour in good health.

LYS. You may so; 't is the better for you that your resorters stand upon sound legs. How now, wholesome iniquity have you that a man may deal withal, and defy the surgeon?

BAWD. We have here one, sir, if she would — but there never came her like in Mytilene.

LYS. If she 'ld do the deed of darkness, thou wouldst say.

BAWD. Your honour knows what 't is to say well enough.

LYS. Well, call forth, call forth.

BOULT. For flesh and blood, sir, white and red, you shall see a rose; and she were a rose indeed, if she had but —

LYS. What, prithee?

BOULT. O, sir, I can be modest.

LYS. That dignifies the renown of a bawd, no less than it gives a good report to a number to be chaste.

[Exit Bould.]

20 *to-bless*] an archaic intensive of "bless."

24 *iniquity*] Thus the first three Quartos. The other early editions read *impunity*, which Collier assumed to be a misprint for *impurity*.

38-39 *That dignifies . . . chaste*] An ironical suggestion that the mask

BAWD. Here comes that which grows to the stalk; ⁴⁰
never plucked yet, I can assure you.

Re-enter BOULT with MARINA

Is she not a fair creature?

LYS. Faith, she would serve after a long voyage at
sea. Well, there's for you: leave us.

BAWD. I beseech your honour, give me leave: a word,
and I'll have done presently.

LYS. I beseech you, do.

BAWD. [*To Marina*] First, I would have you note, this
is an honourable man.

MAR. I desire to find him so, that I may worthily ⁵⁰
note him.

BAWD. Next, he's the governor of this country, and
a man whom I am bound to.

MAR. If he govern the country, you are bound to him
indeed; but how honourable he is in that, I know not.

BAWD. Pray you, without any more virginal fencing,
will you use him kindly? He will line your apron with
gold.

MAR. What he will do graciously, I will thankfully ⁶⁰
receive.

LYS. Ha' you done?

BAWD. My lord, she's not paced yet: you must take

of modesty as much improves the standing of a procuress as it lends
a reputation for virtue to a gang (or a number) of wantons; it
diverts from the latter suspicion of unchastity.

62-63 *paced . . . manage*] technical terms of horsemanship. "Manage"
means skill in the equestrian art.

some pains to work her to your manage. Come, we will leave his honour and her together. Go thy ways.

[*Exeunt Bawd, Pandar, and Boul.*]

LYS. Now, pretty one, how long have you been at this trade?

MAR. What trade, sir?

LYS. Why, I cannot name 't but I shall offend.

MAR. I cannot be offended with my trade. Please you to name it. 70

LYS. How long have you been of this profession?

MAR. E'er since I can remember.

LYS. Did you go to 't so young? Were you a gamester at five or at seven?

MAR. Earlier too, sir, if now I be one.

LYS. Why, the house you dwell in proclaims you to be a creature of sale.

MAR. Do you know this house to be a place of such resort, and will come into 't? I hear say you are of honourable parts and are the governor of this place. 80

LYS. Why, hath your principal made known unto you who I am?

MAR. Who is my principal?

LYS. Why, your herb-woman; she that sets seeds and roots of shame and iniquity. O, you have heard something of my power, and so stand aloof for more serious wooing. But I protest to thee, pretty one, my authority shall not see thee, or else look friendly upon thee. Come, bring me to some private place: come, come. 90

MAR. If you were born to honour, show it now;

If put upon you, make the judgement good
That thought you worthy of it.

Lys. How 's this? how 's this? Some more; be sage.

Mar. For me

That am a maid, though most ungentle fortune
Have placed me in this sty, where, since I came,
Diseases have been sold dearer than physic,
O, that the gods
Would set me free from this unhallow'd place,
Though they did change me to the meanest bird
That flies i' the purer air!

100

Lys. I did not think
Thou couldst have spoke so well; ne'er dream'd thou
couldst.

Had I brought hither a corrupted mind,
Thy speech had alter'd it. Hold, here 's gold for thee:
Persever in that clear way thou goest,
And the gods strengthen thee!

Mar. The good gods preserve you!

Lys. For me, be you thoughten
That I came with no ill intent; for to me
The very doors and windows savour vilely.
Fare thee well. Thou art a piece of virtue, and
I doubt not but thy training hath been noble.

110

92 *If put upon you*] If a position of honour were granted you, and you did not inherit it.

94 *Some more; be sage*] Get on with your moralising.

107 *be you ithoughten*] bethink yourself, be assured.

110 *a piece of virtue*] Cf. *Tempest*, I, ii, 56: "Thy mother was a piece of virtue."

Hold, here 's more gold for thee.
 A curse upon him, die he like a thief,
 That robs thee of thy goodness! If thou dost
 Hear from me, it shall be for thy good.

Re-enter BOULT

BOULT. I beseech your honour, one piece for me.

LYS. Avaunt, thou damned door-keeper!
 Your house, but for this virgin that doth prop it,
 Would sink, and overwhelm you. Away! [*Exit.* 119]

BOULT. How 's this? We must take another course
 with y^e. If your peevish chastity, which is not worth
 a brest¹²²† mast in the cheapest country under the cope, shall
 undo a whole household, let me be gelded like a spaniel.
 Come your ways.

MAR. Whither would you have me?

BOULT. I must have your maidenhead taken off, or
 the common hangman shall execute it. Come your ways.
 We 'll have no more gentlemen driven away. Come your
 ways, I say.

Re-enter Bawd

BAWD. How now! what 's the matter? 130

BOULT. Worse and worse, mistress; she has here
 spoken holy words to Lord Lysimachus.

BAWD. O abominable!

BOULT. She makes our profession as it were to stink
 afore the face of the gods.

BAWD. Marry, hang her up for ever!

122 *under the cope*] under the covering or canopy of heaven.

BOULT. The nobleman would have dealt with her like a nobleman, and she sent him away as cold as a snowball, saying his prayers too. 139

BAWD. Boulton, take her away; use her at thy pleasure: crack the glass of her virginity, and make the rest malleable.

BOULT. An if she were a thornier piece of ground than she is, she shall be ploughed.

MAR. Hark, hark, you gods!

BAWD. She conjures: away with her! Would she had never come within my doors! Marry, hang you! She's born to undo us. Will you not go the way of women-kind? Marry, come up, my dish of chastity with rosemary and bays! [Exit. 150

BOULT. Come, mistress; come your ways with me.

MAR. Whither wilt thou have me?

BOULT. To take from you the jewel you hold so dear.

MAR. Prithee, tell me one thing first.

BOULT. Come now, your one thing.

MAR. What canst thou wish thine enemy to be?

BOULT. Why, I could wish him to be my master, or rather, my mistress.

MAR. Neither of these are so bad as thou art, Since they do better thee in their command. 160
Thou hold'st a place, for which the pained'st fiend

150 *rosemary and bays*] elaborate garniture of food, in habitual use at Christmas and other seasons of rejoicing; an ironical sneer at Marina's ostentatious display of virtue.

160 *Since . . . command*] They are better than you, because they only give the orders, but you carry out.

Of hell would not in reputation change:
 Thou art the damned door-keeper to every
 Coistrel that comes inquiring for his Tib;
 To the choleric fisting of every rogue
 Thy ear is liable; thy food is such
 As hath been belch'd on by infected lungs.

BOULT. What would you have me do? go to the wars,
 would you? where a man may serve seven years for the
 loss of a leg, and have not money enough in the end to
 buy him a wooden one? 171

MAR. Do any thing but this thou doest. Empty
 Old receptacles, or common shores, of filth;
 Serve by indenture to the common hangman:
 Any of these ways are yet better than this;
 For what thou professest, a baboon, could he speak,
 Would own a name too dear. O, that the gods
 Would safely deliver me from this place!
 Here, here 's gold for thee.

If that thy master would gain by me, 180
 Proclaim that I can sing, weave, sew, and dance,
 With other virtues, which I 'll keep from boast;
 And I will undertake all these to teach.
 I doubt not but this populous city will
 Yield many scholars.

BOULT. But can you teach all this you speak of?

MAR. Prove that I cannot, take me home again,
 And prostitute me to the basest groom
 That doth frequent your house.

164 *Coistrel . . . Tib*] Any low fellow . . . any low woman.

BOULT. Well, I will see what I can do for thee: if I
can place thee, I will. 191

MAR. But amongst honest women.

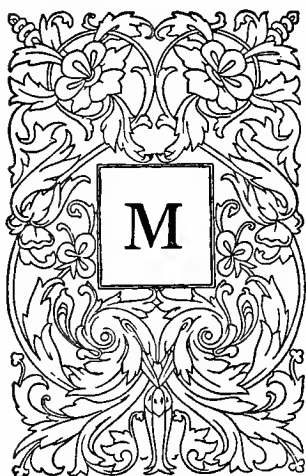
BOULT. Faith, my acquaintance lies little amongst
them. But since my master and mistress have bought
you, there 's no going but by their consent: therefore I
will make them acquainted with your purpose, and I
doubt not but I shall find them tractable enough. Come,
I 'll do for thee what I can; come your ways. [*Exeunt.*]



ACT FIFTH

GOWER

Enter GOWER



ARINA THUS THE
brothel 'scapes, and chances
Into an honest house, our story
says.
She sings like one immortal, and
she dances
As goddess-like to her admired
lays;
Deep clerks she dumbs, and with
her needle composes
Nature's own shape, of bud,
bird, branch, or berry,
That even her art sisters the
natural roses;

Her inkle, silk, twin with the rubied cherry:
That pupils lacks she none of noble race,
Who pour their bounty on her, and her gain

10

⁷ *her art . . . roses*] her work is as like real roses as sisters are.

⁸ *inkle*] coarse tape or skein of worsted. Cf. Beaumont and Fletcher's
Scornful Lady, V, iii: "My wife is learning now, Sir, to weave *inkle*."

She gives the cursed bawd. Here we her place;
 And to her father turn our thoughts again,
 Where we left him, on the sea. We there him lost:
 Whence, driven before the winds, he is arrived
 Here where his daughter dwells; and on this coast
 Suppose him now at anchor. The city strived
 God Neptune's annual feast to keep: from whence
 Lysimachus our Tyrian ship espies,
 His banners sable, trimm'd with rich expense;
 And to him in his barge with fervour hies. 20
 In your supposing once more put your sight
 Of heavy Pericles; think this his bark:
 Where what is done in action, more, if might,
 Shall be discover'd; please you, sit, and hark. [Exit.]

SCENE I—ON BOARD PERICLES' SHIP,
OFF MYTILENE

*A CLOSE PAVILION ON DECK, WITH A CURTAIN
BEFORE IT; PERICLES WITHIN IT, RECLINED
ON A COUCH. A BARGE LYING BESIDE THE
TYRIAN VESSEL*

*Enter two Sailors, one belonging to the Tyrian vessel, the other
to the barge; to them HELICANUS*

TYR. SAIL. [*To the Sailor of Mytilene*] Where is Lord
Helicanus? he can resolve you.

O, here he is.

²¹⁻²² *In your supposing . . . Pericles*] Call or conjure up in your
mind's eye sorrow-stricken Pericles. Cf. *Hen. V*, Act III, Prol. 25:
"Work, work your thoughts, and therein see a siege."

Sir, there is a barge put off from Mytilene,
 And in it is Lysimachus the governor,
 Who craves to come aboard. What is your will?

HEL. That he have his. Call up some gentlemen.

TYR. SAIL. Ho, gentlemen! my lord calls.

Enter two or three Gentlemen

FIRST GENT. Doth your lordship call?

HEL. Gentlemen, there is some of worth would come
 aboard; I pray, greet him fairly. 10

*[The Gentlemen and the two Sailors descend, and
 go on board the barge.]*

*Enter from thence, LYSIMACHUS, and Lords; with the
 Gentlemen and the two Sailors*

TYR. SAIL. Sir,
 This is the man that can, in aught you would,
 Resolve you.

LYS. Hail, reverend sir! the gods preserve you!

HEL. And you, sir, to outlive the age I am,
 And die as I would do.

LYS. You wish me well.
 Being on shore, honouring of Neptune's triumphs,
 Seeing this goodly vessel ride before us,
 I made to it, to know of whence you are.

HEL. First, what is your place?

LYS. I am the governor 20
 Of this place you lie before.

HEL. Sir,
 Our vessel is of Tyre, in it the king;

A man who for this three months hath not spoken
To any one, nor taken sustenance
But to prorogue his grief.

LYS. Upon what ground is his distemperature?

HEL. 'T would be too tedious to repeat;
But the main grief springs from the loss
Of a beloved daughter and a wife. 30

LYS. May we not see him?

HEL. You may;
But bootless is your sight; he will not speak
To any.

LYS. Yet let me obtain my wish.

HEL. Behold him. [*Pericles discovered*] This was a
goodly person,
Till the disaster that, one mortal night,
Drove him to this.

LYS. Sir king, all hail! the gods preserve you!
Hail, royal sir!

HEL. It is in vain; he will not speak to you. 40

FIRST LORD. Sir,
We have a maid in Mytilene, I durst wager,
Would win some words of him.

LYS. 'T is well bethought.
She, questionless, with her sweet harmony
And other chosen attractions, would allure,
And make a battery through his deafen'd parts,

26 *prorogue*] Thus the first three Quartos. The later Quartos read *prolong*, which gives the required sense.

46 *deafen'd*] Malone's correction of *defend* in the first Quarto, and *defended* of the other early editions.

Which now are midway stopp'd:
 She is all happy as the fairest of all,
 And with her fellow maids is now upon
 The leafy shelter that abuts against 50
 The Island's side. *[Whispers a Lord, who goes off in the*
barge of Lysimachus.

HEL. Sure, all's effectless; yet nothing we'll omit
 That bears recovery's name. But, since your kindness
 We have stretch'd thus far, let us beseech you
 That for our gold we may provision have,
 Wherein we are not destitute for want,
 But weary for the staleness.

LYS. O, sir, a courtesy
 Which if we should deny, the most just gods
 For every graff would send a caterpillar,
 And so inflict our province. Yet once more 60
 Let me entreat to know at large the cause
 Of your king's sorrow.

HEL. Sit, sir, I will recount it to you.
 But, see, I am prevented.

Re-enter, from the barge, Lord, with MARINA, and a young Lady

LYS. O, here is
 The lady that I sent for. Welcome, fair one! —
 Is't not a goodly presence?

HEL. She's a gallant lady.

LYS. She's such a one, that, were I well assured
 Came of a gentle kind and noble stock,

48 *She is . . . of all*] She is the happiest as she is the fairest of all women.

I 'ld wish no better choice, and think me rarely wed.
 Fair one, all goodness that consists in bounty
 Expect even here, where is a kingly patient: 70
 If that thy prosperous and artificial feat
 Can draw him but to answer thee in aught,
 Thy sacred physic shall receive such pay
 As thy desires can wish.

MAR. Sir, I will use
 My utmost skill in his recovery, provided
 That none but I and my companion maid
 Be suffer'd to come near him.

LYS. Come, let us leave her;
 And the gods make her prosperous! [Marina sings.]

LYS. Mark'd he your music?

MAR. No, nor look'd on us.

LYS. See, she will speak to him. 80

MAR. Hail, sir! my lord, lend ear.

PER. Hum, ha!

MAR. I am a maid,
 My lord, that ne'er before invited eyes,
 But have been gazed on like a comet: she speaks,
 My lord, that, may be, hath endured a grief
 Might equal yours, if both were justly weigh'd.
 Though wayward fortune did malign my state,
 My derivation was from ancestors
 Who stood equivalent with mighty kings: 90
 But time hath rooted out my parentage,

71 *prosperous and artificial feat*] *Feat* is Steevens's substitution for the original reading *fate*. Modern editors usually omit *and*. The words mean "felicitous and dexterous action."

And to the world and awkward casualties
Bound me in servitude. [*Aside*] I will desist;
But there is something glows upon my cheek,
And whispers in mine ear "Go not till he speak."

PER. My fortunes — parentage — good parentage —
To equal mine! — was it not thus? what say you?

MAR. I said, my lord, if you did know my parentage,
You would not do me violence.

PER. I do think so. Pray you, turn your eyes upon me.
You are like something that — What countrywoman? ¹⁰¹
Here of these shores?

MAR. No, nor of any shores:
Yet I was mortally brought forth, and am
No other than I appear.

PER. I am great with woe, and shall deliver weeping.
My dearest wife was like this maid, and such a one
My daughter might have been: my queen's square brows;
Her stature to an inch; as wand-like straight,
As silver-voiced; her eyes as jewel-like
And cased as richly; in pace another Juno; ¹¹⁰
Who starves the ears she feeds, and makes them hungry,
The more she gives them speech. Where do you live?

92/ *awkward casualties*] adverse misfortunes.

99 *You would not . . . violence*] Marina's father, in the story on which the play is based, "rose in rage and stroke the maiden" at this point. The episode is implied in the play, but it is only referred to in this line.

102 *shores . . . shores*] Malone's correction of the original reading *shewes . . . shewes*.

109-110 *her eyes . . . cased as richly*] Cf. III, ii, 104, *supra*: "Her eyelids cases to those heavenly jewels," and note.

MAR. Where I am but a stranger: from the deck
You may discern the place.

PER. Where were you bred?
And how achieved you these endowments, which
You make more rich to owe?

MAR. If I should tell my history, it would seem
Like lies disdain'd in the reporting.

PER. Prithee, speak:
Falseness cannot come from thee; for thou look'st
Modest as Justice, and thou seem'st a palace 120
For the crown'd Truth to dwell in: I will believe
thee,

And make my senses credit thy relation
To points that seem impossible; for thou look'st
Like one I loved indeed. What were thy friends?
Didst thou not say, when I did push thee back —
Which was when I perceived thee — that thou camest
From good descending?

MAR. So indeed I did.

PER. Report thy parentage. I think thou said'st
Thou hadst been toss'd from wrong to injury,
And that thou thought'st thy griefs might equal mine, 130
If both were open'd.

MAR. Some such thing
I said, and said no more but what my thoughts
Did warrant me was likely.

PER. Tell thy story;

116 *You . . . owe*] You enrich by owning.

125 *say*] Malone's correction of the original reading *stay*.

131 *open'd*] disclosed.

If thine consider'd prove the thousandth part
 Of my endurance, thou art a man, and I
 Have suffer'd like a girl: yet thou dost look
 Like Patience gazing on kings' graves and smiling
 Extremity out of act. What were thy friends?
 How lost thou them? Thy name, my most kind virgin?
 Recount, I do beseech thee: come, sit by me. 140

MAR. My name is Marina.

PER. O, I am mock'd,
 'And thou by some incensed god sent hither
 To make the world to laugh at me.

MAR. Patience, good sir,
 Or here I 'll cease.

PER. Nay, I 'll be patient.
 Thou little know'st how thou dost startle me,
 To call thyself Marina.

MAR. The name
 Was given me by one that had some power,
 My father, and a king.

PER. How! a king's daughter?
 And call'd Marina?

MAR. You said you would believe me;
 But, not to be a troubler of your peace, 150
 I will end here.

PER. But are you flesh and blood?
 Have you a working pulse? and are no fairy?

137 *Patience*] Cf. *Tw. Night*, II, iv, 113, "*patience* on a monument,
Smiling at grief."

137-138 *smiling Extremity out of act*] disarming, depriving of effect by a
 gracious smile the gravest calamity.

Motion! Well; speak on. Where were you born?
And wherefore call'd Marina?

MAR. Call'd Marina

For I was born at sea.

PER. At sea! what mother?

MAR. My mother was the daughter of a king;
Who died the minute I was born,
As my good nurse Lychorida hath oft
Deliver'd weeping.

PER. O, stop there a little!

[*Aside*] This is the rarest dream that e'er dull sleep 160
Did mock sad fools withal: this cannot be:
My daughter 's buried. — Well: where were you bred?
I 'll hear you more, to the bottom of your story,
And never interrupt you.

MAR. You scorn: believe me, 't were best I did give
o'er.

PER. I will believe you by the syllable
Of what you shall deliver. Yet, give me leave:
How came you in these parts? where were you bred?

MAR. The king my father did in Tarsus leave me; 170
Till cruel Cleon, with his wicked wife,
Did seek to murder me: and having woo'd
A villain to attempt it, who having drawn to do 't,
A crew of pirates came and rescued me;

153 *Motion!*] Thus substantially read the early editions. Steevens substituted *No motion, i. e.*, no puppet dressed up to deceive me. The reference seems more likely to be to the "power of movement" which Pericles may have detected in Marina by touching her "working pulse" (l. 152).

Brought me to Mytilene. But, good sir,
Whither will you have me? Why do you weep? It
may be,

You think me an impostor: no, good faith;
I am the daughter to King Pericles,
If good King Pericles be.

PER. Ho, Helicanus!

HEL. Calls my lord?

180

PER. Thou art a grave and noble counsellor,
Most wise in general: tell me, if thou canst,
What this maid is, or what is like to be,
That thus hath made me weep.

HEL. I know not; but

Here is the regent, sir, of Mytilene
Speaks nobly of her.

LYS. She never would tell
Her parentage; being demanded that,
She would sit still and weep.

PER. O Helicanus, strike me, honour'd sir;
Give me a gash, put me to present pain;
Lest this great sea of joys rushing upon me
O'erbear the shores of my mortality,
And drown me with their sweetness. O, come hither,
Thou that beget'st him that did thee beget;
Thou that wast born at sea, buried at Tarsus,
And found at sea again! O Helicanus,
Down on thy knees; thank the holy gods as loud
As thunder threatens us: this is Marina.

190

191 *sea of joys*] Cf. *Hamlet*, III, i, 59, "*sea of troubles*."

What was thy mother's name? tell me but that,
 For truth can never be confirm'd enough, 200
 Though doubts did ever sleep.

MAR. First, sir, I pray, what is your title?

PER. I

Am Pericles of Tyre: but tell me now
 My drown'd queen's name, as in the rest you said
 Thou hast been godlike perfect, the heir of kingdoms,
 And another like to Pericles thy father.

MAR. Is it no more to be your daughter than
 To say my mother's name was Thaisa?
 Thaisa was my mother, who did end
 The minute I began. 210

PER. Now, blessing on thee! rise; thou art my child.
 Give me fresh garments. Mine own, Helicanus:
 She is not dead at Tarsus, as she should have been,
 By savage Cleon: she shall tell thee all;
 When thou shalt kneel, and justify in knowledge
 She is thy very princess. Who is this?

HEL. Sir, 't is the governor of Mytilene,
 Who, hearing of your melancholy state,
 Did come to see you.

PER. I embrace you. 220

205-206 *Thou hast . . . thy father*] This is substantially the original reading, for which many changes have been suggested. The presence of "you" in line 204, and "Thou" in line 205, suggests a mutilation of the texts. As it stands, "the heir of kingdoms" must be taken to be in apposition to "godlike perfect," and the meaning must be that Marina, from what she has said, has proved herself to be in all things fitted to be princess, and to share the rank of her father.

Give me my robes. I am wild in my beholding.
 O heavens bless my girl! But, hark, what music?
 Tell Helicanus, my Marina, tell him
 O'er point by point, for yet he seems to doubt,
 How sure you are my daughter. But, what music?

HEL. My lord, I hear none.

PER. None!

The music of the spheres! List, my Marina.

LYS. It is not good to cross him; give him way.

PER. Rarest sounds! Do ye not hear?

LYS. My lord, I hear.

[*Music.* 231

PER. Most heavenly music!

It nips me unto listening, and thick slumber

Hangs upon mine eyes: let me rest. [*Sleeps.*

LYS. A pillow for his head:

So, leave him all. Well, my companion friends,

If this but answer to my just belief,

I'll well remember you. [*Exeunt all but Pericles.*

DIANA appears to PERICLES in a vision

DIA. My temple stands in Ephesus: hie thee thither,
 And do upon mine altar sacrifice.

There, when my maiden priests are met together, 240
 Before the people all,

Reveal how thou at sea didst lose thy wife:

To mourn thy crosses, with thy daughter's, call,

221 *I am . . . beholding*] I am amazed by the sight that presents itself
 to me.

And give them repetition to the life.
 Or perform my bidding, or thou livest in woe;
 Do it, and happy; by my silver bow!
 Awake, and tell thy dream. [Disappears.]
 PER. Celestial Dian, goddess argentine,
 I will obey thee. Helicanus!

Re-enter HELICANUS, LYSIMACHUS, and MARINA

HEL. Sir?
 PER. My purpose was for Tarsus, there to strike 250
 The inhospitable Cleon; but I am
 For other service first: toward Ephesus
 Turn our blown sails; eftsoons I'll tell thee why.
 [To Lysimachus] Shall we refresh us, sir, upon your
 shore,
 And give you gold for such provision
 As our intents will need?
 LYS. Sir,
 With all my heart; and, when you come ashore,
 I have another suit.
 PER. You shall prevail,
 Were it to woo my daughter; for it seems 260
 You have been noble towards her.
 LYS. Sir, lend me your arm.
 PER. Come, my Marina. [Exeunt.]

248 goddess argentine] a reference to the "silver bow," which was the conventional symbol of the goddess Diana. Cf. *infra*, V, iii, 7, "silver livery," and *Lucrece*, 786, "the silver-shining queen."

SCENE II

Enter GOWER, before the temple of DIANA at Ephesus

GOW. Now our sands are almost run;
 More a little, and then dumb.
 This, my last boon, give me,
 For such kindness must relieve me,
 That you aptly will suppose
 What pageantry, what feats, what shows,
 What minstrelsy and pretty din,
 The regent made in Mytilene,
 To greet the king. So he thrived,
 That he is promised to be wived 10
 To fair Marina; but in no wise
 Till he had done his sacrifice,
 As Dian bade: whereto being bound,
 The interim, pray you, all confound.
 In feather'd briefness sails are fill'd,
 And wishes fall out as they 're will'd.
 At Ephesus, the temple see,
 Our king and all his company.
 That he can hither come so soon,
 Is by your fancies' thankful doom. [Exit. 20

12 *he had done his sacrifice*] "He" refers to Pericles. "He" in lines 9-10 refers to Lysimachus.

14 *The interim . . . confound*] Consume or spend the interval.

15 *In feather'd briefness*] With the swiftness of wings.

20 *by . . . doom*] by the judgment or resolve of your imaginations for which we are thankful.

SCENE III—*THE TEMPLE OF DIANA AT EPHEBUS;
THAISA STANDING NEAR THE ALTAR, AS
HIGH PRIESTESS; A NUMBER OF VIRGINS ON
EACH SIDE; CERIMON AND OTHER INHABIT-
ANTS OF EPHEBUS ATTENDING*

Enter PERICLES, *with his train*; LYSIMACHUS, HELICANUS,
MARINA, *and a Lady*

PER. Hail, Dian! to perform thy just command,
I here confess myself the king of Tyre;
Who, frighted from my country, did wed
At Pentapolis the fair Thaisa.
At sea in childbed died she, but brought forth
A maid-child call'd Marina; who, O goddess,
Wears yet thy silver livery. She at Tarsus
Was nursed with Cleon; who at fourteen years
He sought to murder: but her better stars
Brought her to Mytilene; 'gainst whose shore
Riding, her fortunes brought the maid aboard us,
Where, by her own most clear remembrance, she
Made known herself my daughter.

10

THAI. Voice and favour!
You are, you are — O royal Pericles! — [*Faints.*]

PER. What means the nun? she dies! help, gentle-
men!

CER. Noble sir,

⁷ *silver livery*] the chaste livery of Diana, the goddess argentine. See
V, i, 248, *supra*, and note.

If you have told Diana's altar true,
This is your wife.

PER. Reverend appearer, no;
I threw her overboard with these very arms.

CER. Upon this coast, I warrant you.

PER. 'T is most certain. ²⁰

CER. Look to the lady. O, she 's but overjoy'd.
Early in blustering morn this lady was
Thrown upon this shore. I oped the coffin,
Found there rich jewels; recover'd her, and placed her
Here in Diana's temple.

PER. May we see them?

CER. Great sir, they shall be brought you to my
house,

Whither I invite you. Look, Thaisa is
Recovered.

THAI. O, let me look!
If he be none of mine, my sanctity 30
Will to my sense bend no licentious ear,
But curb it, spite of seeing. O, my lord,
Are you not Pericles? Like him you spake,
Like him you are: did you not name a tempest,
A birth, and death?

PER. The voice of dead Thaisa!

THAI. That Thaisa am I, supposed dead
And drown'd.

PER. Immortal Dian!

THAI. Now I know you better.

31 *sense*] sensual passion, a common usage.

When we with tears parted Pentapolis,
The king my father gave you such a ring. [*Shows a ring.* 40

PER. This, this: no more, you gods! your present
kindness

Makes my past miseries sports: you shall do well,
That on the touching of her lips I may
Melt, and no more be seen. O, come, be buried
A second time within these arms.

MAR. My heart
Leaps to be gone into my mother's bosom.

[*Kneels to Thaisa.*

PER. Look, who kneels here! Flesh of thy flesh,
Thaisa;

Thy burden at the sea, and call'd Marina
For she was yielded there.

THAI. Blest, and mine own!

HEL. Hail, madam, and my queen!

THAI. I know you not. 50

PER. You have heard me say, when I did fly from Tyre,
I left behind an ancient substitute:
Can you remember what I call'd the man?
I have named him oft.

THAI. 'T was Helicanus then.

PER. Still confirmation:
Embrace him, dear Thaisa; this is he.

39 *parted*] parted or departed from. Cf. *Rich. II*, III, i, 3: 'your souls must *part* your bodies.'

41-85 *This . . . sir, lead's the way*] These lines should be compared with *Wint. Tale*, V, iii, 120-155, where a like episode of recognition by a husband of a long-lost wife is described.

Now do I long to hear how you were found;
How possibly preserved; and who to thank,
Besides the gods, for this great miracle.

THAI. Lord Cerimon, my lord; this man, 60
Through whom the gods have shown their power; that can
From first to last resolve you.

PER. Reverend sir,
The gods can have no mortal officer
More like a god than you. Will you deliver
How this dead queen re-lives?

CER. I will, my lord.
Beseech you, first go with me to my house,
Where shall be shown you all was found with her;
How she came placed here in the temple;
No needful thing omitted.

PER. Pure Dian, bless thee for thy vision! 70
I will offer night-oblations to thee. Thaisa,
This prince, the fair-betrothed of your daughter,
Shall marry her at Pentapolis. And now,
This ornament
Makes me look dismal will I clip to form;
And what this fourteen years no razor touch'd,
To grace thy marriage-day, I'll beautify.

THAI. Lord Cerimon hath letters of good credit, sir,
My father's dead.

PER. Heavens make a star of him! Yet there, my 80
queen,

74 *This ornament*] This overgrown beard. Cf *L. L. L.*, V, i, 110, where
"excrement" is used in the same sense.

We'll celebrate their nuptials, and ourselves
 Will in that kingdom spend our following days:
 Our son and daughter shall in Tyrus reign.
 Lord Cerimon, we do our longing stay
 To hear the rest untold: sir, lead 's the way. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter GOWER

Gow. In Antiochus and his daughter you have heard
 Of monstrous lust the due and just reward:
 In Pericles, his queen and daughter, seen,
 Although assail'd with fortune fierce and keen, 90
 Virtue preserved from fell destruction's blast,
 Led on by heaven and crown'd with joy at last:
 In Helicanus may you well descry
 A figure of truth, of faith, of loyalty:
 In reverend Cerimon there well appears
 The worth that learned charity aye wears:
 For wicked Cleon and his wife, when fame
 Had spread their cursed deed and honour'd name
 Of Pericles, to rage the city turn,
 That him and his they in his palace burn; 100
 The gods for murder seemed so content
 To punish, although not done, but meant.
 So, on your patience evermore attending,
 New joy wait on you! Here our play has ending. [*Exit.*]

90 *preserved*] Malone's correction of the original reading *preferred*.

100-101 *The gods . . . but meant*] There is a clumsy inversion here.
 The words *although not done, but meant*, qualify the word "murder."
 Malone proposed to insert *them* after *punish*.

